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AN ADVENTURE

AN ADVENTURE



WITH A PREFACE BY
EDITH OLIVIER

AND A NOTE BY
J. W. DUNNE

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SKETCH MAP ILLUSTRATING THE ROUTE TAKEN BY
MISS MOBERLY AND MISS JOURDAIN ON THE
10TH AUGUST, 1901

at the end of the book

MIQUE'S MAP OF THE GARDENS OF THE TRIANON

at the end of the book

ENLARGED SECTION OF MIQUE'S MAP

at the end of the book

VERSAILLES AND THE TRIANONS IN 1898

at the end of the book

From a plan made by Marcel Lambert

PREFACE

BY

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ADVENTURES ARE for the Adventurous: and it is not only the strangeness of the story told twenty years ago by 'Miss Morison' and 'Miss Lamont' which made *An Adventure* famous at once, and makes it a book which calls for a new edition to-day. It was certainly a unique experience. Two women of the twentieth century found themselves walking together in the Trianon of 1789, and, there, coming upon figure after figure unaccountably arisen from that unfamiliar past. Yet, for any but people possessed of a painstaking resolve to get at the truth (which is most uncommon), the little episode would have been at an end when the gardens were left behind. It would have been considered, according to the preconceptions of the observers, as a series either of apparitions or of hallucinations—at any rate as something which could not be explained. And as one reads again the terse unvarnished records made at the time by 'Miss Morison' and 'Miss Lamont', it is possible to understand the point of view of a sceptic who remarked on first seeing them, that it was 'not proved that there was anything supernatural at all . . . and not certain that the figures they saw were not real men and women'.

When I heard the story, and recorded it in my journal, a few months after it happened, it did seem futile to hope

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ever to discover the identity of that dark repulsive-looking man who scowled at the passers-by from his seat outside the Kiosk: or of the agitated messenger, who so urgently directed the visitors to turn to the right and *cherchez la maison* by crossing a rustic bridge which spanned a ravine containing a tiny cascade. The lady sketching near the house, who gave to the intruders a look of such supercilious distaste, did indeed sound as if she might have been the Queen; although it was disappointing to hear, from those who had so unexpectedly seen with their own eyes that well-spring of romance, that the face of Marie-Antoinette was not particularly attractive. The whole thing was intensely real to those who had experienced it, or to anyone who heard it, as I did, from their own lips; but how could one dream of finding for the story the support of any independent evidence?

But no sooner were 'Miss Morison' and 'Miss Lamont' convinced that they had seen something completely out of the common, than they embarked on a fresh adventure, and one which demanded from them courage, perseverance and severe study lasting over a period of several years. They resolved to ascertain the truth, if truth there were, which lay behind their vision. It was this second adventure which made their book into something far more important than a curious and romantic story; and it was an adventure, in some ways, even more eventful than that walk in the Trianon gardens itself. It is now possible to trace, step by step, the course of this second adventure. The original documents accumulated during those years of patient research are deposited in the Bodleian Library: and there one can follow month by month, and sometimes

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even day by day, the slow tracking down of one piece of evidence after another, and can share the amazed delight of the searchers as detail after detail was verified.

In writing their book, the authors grouped their evidence round the separate scenes and persons as each appears in the story, but it is even more exciting and convincing to come upon it, as one does in the Bodleian, chronologically and 'in the raw'. No one who sees these papers can continue to support what Mr. Andrew Lang called 'the sceptical theory' put forward by some early critics. This was (as he says in a letter which is now in the Bodleian) 'that after you had acquired certain pieces of information about Trianon from research or in conversation, you unconsciously conceived yourselves to have remembered seeing corresponding details on August 10th, 1901, and then added these pseudo-reminiscences to your pages'. This theory was put forward by some critics, but it is, as Mr. Lang said after going through them, 'wholly inconsistent' with the documents now in the Bodleian.

The present edition is the first in which the real names of the authors appear. At the time of the first publication of *An Adventure*, both the ladies held important educational posts, and they therefore preferred to use pseudonyms, although the fact that the book had been written by Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain was well known to a large circle of their friends and acquaintances. There is now no motive for anonymity, and with the names of Miss Morison and Miss Lamont, there has vanished from the book its one touch of fiction.

Miss Anne Moberly is the seventh daughter of Dr. George Moberly, who was successively Head Master of

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Winchester College and Bishop of Salisbury. In *Dulce Domum* she published some twenty years ago a very remarkable record of the lives of her parents among their fifteen children, and its readers will recall the atmosphere, scholarly and spiritual, in which Miss Moberly grew up. Of her twelve brothers and brothers-in-law, four became Heads of Schools or Colleges, and two were Bishops, so the environment of learning continued, till in 1886 Miss Moberly herself became the first Principal of St. Hugh's College at Oxford. She built it up from its foundation, and resigned her Office in 1915 when the College moved into its fine new buildings. Miss Jourdain, who had been Vice-Principal for some years, succeeded her as Head of the College. She was a daughter of the Rev. Francis Jourdain, and was an early Scholar of Lady Margaret Hall. After acting for a time as Secretary to Mrs. Benson at Lambeth, she became Head of a large Girls' School at Watford, and subsequently M.A. of Oxford and a Doctor of the University of Paris. Distinguished for her learning, and a brilliant musician, Miss Jourdain's remarkable knowledge of the French language was not only a great advantage to her during the researches described in this book, but was greatly valued by the Government during the War. She was entrusted with much confidential work. She died of sudden heart failure in 1924.

The avowal that the joint authors of *An Adventure* are ladies whose standard of learning and respect for truth is necessarily so high, is in itself a reply to the only really adverse criticisms which the book received when it first appeared. Most people would agree with a writer in the *Church Times* who said that 'the suppression of the names

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of witnesses inevitably injures their testimony'; and now that the true names are being made public, it seems the moment to refer to a very sympathetic notice which appeared in the *Nation* in January 1911. In the course of this the writer said: 'There followed, if we are to believe the two ladies, a long and patient investigation. . . . What warrant have we that the vision preceded the research? Have Messrs. Macmillan seen any contemporary record of the visit to Versailles? Can they, by means of trustworthy witnesses, or letters which bear postmarks, bring contemporary evidence of their adventure? And then, can they show by testimony of those in charge of the Archives that it was some years later that they carried out their researches?'

With regard to the last of these questions, the required testimony is to be found in the records of the *Archives Nationales* and the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris, where Miss Jourdain was obliged to sign her name and give the date of each of her visits: while the other questions are completely answered by the papers in the Bodleian. Here can be seen the originals of the two statements written and signed by Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain in 1901: here are the actual letters from between twenty and thirty people (many of whose names are well known) testifying that they heard the story of the Trianon visit before any research began, and that its details were subsequently unaltered: here are the note-books in which Miss Jourdain entered day by day the results of her researches in the Archives: and here are all the original letters written to each other by Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain while these researches were in progress.

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These papers then are extremely convincing, but they are something more than this. They add greatly to the interest of the story, making one feel, as one turns them over, that one is actually taking part in the adventure.

In 1901, when Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain wrote their accounts of their adventure at Trianon, they were not yet aware of what would eventually prove to be its most interesting aspect. They did not then know that the scenery was in any way abnormal. Their whole attention was focussed on the people they had seen, and it was only because they both happened to be particularly careful and conscientious observers that, to assist themselves in recalling their actual impressions of the people, they did, at the same time describe the places very clearly. They did this with such precision, that in my journal written the day I heard the story, I noted down several points in the landscape, although I then looked upon it as merely a background for the figures. In those early days, all the emphasis of the story rested upon the people; and one of the interesting things in the Bodleian papers is the way they show the gradual shifting of this emphasis to the scenery instead.

Because of this change of emphasis, some few people who had been told the story soon after it happened, and then read it in 1911, asserted that it was not what they had originally heard. They thought that the story had grown as the researches went on. The fact was that in the early days, the scenery had not appeared to them interesting enough to be remembered, and unless they turned back to the original narratives, they forgot that those points which had now come into prominence, had been there in

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the background from the first. It was this which made Andrew Lang exclaim when he first saw the original papers which had been written and signed in 1901, 'Then you *did* mention the little bridge. *We were told you had not.*'

And the same papers are to-day in the Bodleian Library.

They open the series of documents stored there, and are followed by a letter written in November 1901 by Miss Jourdain, from her school at Watford, to Miss Moberly who was then at Oxford. This letter says that a French lady had told Miss Jourdain the day before, of a legend in Versailles to the effect that Marie-Antoinette can be seen on a certain day in August, sitting outside the garden front at Petit Trianon.

'I wonder if your pretty lady was Marie-Antoinette,' she wrote at once to Miss Moberly: 'and I wonder if we chanced on that particular day.' A letter from Mrs. Graham Balfour (now Lady Balfour) states that she happened to go to see Miss Moberly the day she had heard from Miss Jourdain, and she describes her as breaking off in the middle of a business talk to tell of the Trianon visit, and of the letter received that morning which 'contained the first fact which came as a verification of their strange experience'.

Miss Moberly at once determined to discover more. Her letter to Miss Jourdain, written the next day, says: 'What about the gardeners? Are there gardeners and caretakers there now dressed as we saw them? My impression is of longish frock coats of lightish grey-green, and small three-cornered hats. . . . Didn't they direct us wrongly? Surely we ought to have been able to get to the drive

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(which we ultimately had to do) without going first to the back of the house. I should like to ascertain this.'

This is the first mention of there being anything unusual in the geography of the gardens, though Miss Moberly then only thought that for some reason the mysterious 'gardeners' had given them wrong directions. Some years were yet to pass before the route taken assumed its true importance in the story.

On Miss Jourdain's second visit to Versailles, in January 1902, her experiences were all in another part of the grounds; and though she was at Trianon once or twice in the next two years, she did not attempt to follow the course of the original walk, and never got back to the old sites. It had not then occurred to her that a landscape could come and go, as well as those who pass across it. Both she and Miss Moberly were then reading *Memoirs of the time*, and studying portraits. They hoped to identify some of the people they had seen, and they left the gardens outside their researches.

But in 1904 the two friends were again together at Versailles, and they resolved once more to follow the paths which three years earlier had led them to such strange happenings. Then it was that they knew for the first time that the garden of Marie-Antoinette was gone. The buildings they had seen, the paths they had traversed, the bridge they had crossed, existed no more, if indeed they ever had existed. And to discover whether or not they had so existed, was the quest which these two intrepid ladies now set before themselves. Their second adventure really begins in 1904.

An amusing letter in the Bodleian from a niece of Miss

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Moberly's, Miss Dora Martin, describes her aunt as having been 'quite lost' in the Trianon of the twentieth century, 'as it was quite different from what she remembered and had always described'. She obviously felt some of that exasperation which possesses the middle-aged person who returns after long years to the home of his childhood, and who finds that new comers have completely altered it, and have killed the old romance with their new 'improvements'. But what fills one with admiration in reading the Bodleian papers, is the stubborn determination with which Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain insisted, in the teeth of the most contradictory evidence, that they were right in their recollections. They persisted until they were proved to have been accurate throughout. Their careful descriptions of the landscape had been made to assist themselves in retaining an accurate memory of how each of the people had appeared, and now the very landscape had vanished. Here was the ground literally cut away from under their feet. They might have been disconcerted, but not at all. They saw that their researches must go deeper than they had guessed. Some two years earlier, Mrs. Ady (the historian, Julia Cartwright) had written in her journal that Miss Moberly, when speaking of her Trianon experience, had said that 'she could not help thinking it was of interest as a scientific fact', although 'her brother Robert' (the Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford) 'did not much like that sort of thing, and felt it difficult to place an apparition of that sort'. The Adventure was indeed now assuming proportions far beyond the mere seeing of an 'apparition'.

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Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain were busy people and they could not spend their lives pursuing what most sensible people would have agreed were mere will-o'-the-wisps at Versailles; so it was not till July 1906 that Miss Jourdain wrote from Paris to her friend that she had 'really been doing something about Versailles'. She had obtained permission to read in the library there, and found that it contained 'all the Queen's Trianon library, and many otherwise unavailable books'.

Her letter tells of her progress. She had not discovered very much. She found that as late as 1835, grass had grown up to the Terrace which was then shaded by large trees; and she had learnt that some green uniforms had been worn by the guards at Trianon. She had examined some old plans and maps with M. de Nolhac, the Curator of Versailles, and with his Coadjutor, M. Pératé; and although it was plain that the gardens had been much altered since the days of Marie-Antoinette, she could discover very little that was positive.

One important thing was, however, learnt during this visit. Miss Jourdain was given permission to see the inside of the chapel, and then she saw that the staircase to the doorway through which the 'Chapel-man' had come on to the Terrace, was not in existence, and she found that it had been impossible to reach that door for many years. This fact was independently remarked by some friends of Sir Graham and Lady Balfour's who were at Trianon the next year: and it proved, what till then had not been suspected, that the super-normal conditions had continued until after that man appeared.

The authorities could say very little about the Kiosk,

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although M. Pératé pointed out upon an old map the site of what seemed to have been 'a smaller Belvedere': and then, in the middle of a thicket, on a spot which corresponded with *An Adventure*, Miss Jourdain herself stumbled upon 'a piece of stone column still standing, as if it had formed part of a building there. It can't have been put there lately,' she said, 'as it was well inside the tree which was growing round it.' Miss Jourdain made a rough sketch in her letter of a fragment of a column with its base. The little drawing brings one very close to what must have been her feelings when she made this unexpected find.

'M. de Nolhac pointed out on a plan the *supposed* position of the Grotto where Marie-Antoinette is said to have been,' wrote Miss Jourdain in this same letter; and her under-lining of the word 'supposed' shows that she adhered to her own conviction that the traditional site was the wrong one.

The chief result of this visit was to show that clues could be discovered which might ultimately lead to the verification of many of the details described in the first accounts of their walk written by Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain; and when the latter returned to Paris in the following spring she received a letter from Miss Moberly containing a detailed list of things to be investigated. I should like to have printed the whole of this letter from its original in the Bodleian; as it well illustrates the exactitude with which the search was made; an obvious ignorance of the facts before that search was begun; and also the insistence of the searchers on the discovery of original sources. Miss Moberly would not be satisfied with hearsay or with the evidence of compilations.

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She wanted pictures showing patterns of ploughs and of carts used at Trianon in 1789, and also at the present time: Miss Jourdain was to find out how labourers were likely to have dressed in the days of Marie-Antoinette, and to ascertain who could have worn the green uniforms: she was if possible to learn whether there had been a gardener's cottage approached by steps on the site where one had been seen, and whether there had ever been a second bridge crossing a ravine which had now disappeared: she was to listen for any local tradition which might put the Grotto elsewhere than in the traditional place.

This one letter is overwhelming proof that the knowledge eventually possessed by the writers of *An Adventure* was (in the words of Sir Oliver Lodge), 'the outcome of the investigation, and was not possessed prior to the super-normal occurrence'. But one of the charms possessed by the papers in the Bodleian is that, arranged as they are year by year as they were written, they carry one back into the years when the search was being made, and give the reader the impression that, like Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain, he does not know what he is going to find until he has found it.

The enquiries as to the plough were disappointing at first. None appeared in the lists of tools bought for Trianon, and none seemed to have been used there in the Queen's day. Then it transpired that a plough did figure in the catalogue of the Trianon Sale after the King's death, and this was said to have been bought years earlier by Louis XV, who had amused himself by trying to work it, and who had had some lessons in ploughing given to

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his grandson, the little dauphin. But it was long before any illustration showing a plough of the period could be found. Long search only resulted in the discovery of a picture of the Emperor of China driving a plough! At last there was unearthed, in the shop of M. Gosselin on the Quai des Grands Augustins, a valuable old engraving which had never been reproduced. It was dated 1769, and shows the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI) actually driving the identical plough which was seen lying in the Queen's gardens at Trianon by two visitors who strayed into them out of another century.

Miss Jourdain had now been given access to the national archives, and her discoveries were made more rapidly, although her note-books indicate that the clues she followed led her alternately to successes and to disappointments. This makes them very dramatic reading.

The attempt to locate the Grotto, for instance, was extremely complicated, as it transpired that there had been in the Trianon gardens no less than three of these. There was, first of all, the small one beyond the Belvedere which was pointed out to Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain in 1904 as the place where tradition said that the Queen had been sitting when she was recalled to the house on October 5th, 1789. This Grotto was the last built, as that part of the grounds was not laid out till 1781. From the first, the two ladies were convinced that this was not the correct site. Then there was an earlier Grotto, already existing in 1777, and this was much nearer to the place where they expected to find it, though even this did not exactly agree with their memories. And now it transpired that yet a third Grotto had been made in 1780. With de-

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light Miss Jourdain wrote from Paris in the spring of 1908, 'I have been over a good many papers in the Archives, and found the whole description of the making of the Grotto. I have copied it out, and it fits in with what we already know.'

A week later she wrote: 'The map we found this morning at the Archives at Versailles, and one of Contant de la Motte, give the Grotto in the wrong place, but the papers I found at Paris seem to point the other way.'

In the wrong place! It is amusing to read this confident comment on the old maps, especially as la Motte's map was said to have been copied from a lost original made by Mique himself—the Queen's landscape gardener at Trianon. And the investigators had to wait till two years after the publication of the first edition of *An Adventure* before they saw Mique's map, drawn by his own hand. It had been found in 1903 hidden up a chimney in what is said to have been Rousseau's house at Montmorency. It was then proved at last, and without possibility of contradiction, that la Motte's copy had not been accurate. The Grotto, the ravine, and the bridge, had indeed stood where the two ladies had seen them in 1901.

The successive stages in the search for the Kiosk are even more exciting. Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain were assured at first that the building they had seen was either the Belvedere or the Temple de l'Amour, but neither of these stood in the right position. Moreover, they neither of them resembled the Kiosk. The Belvedere is an elegant octagonal casino surmounted by a small balustrade, and with a door or a window in each of its eight surrounding walls. It has no pillars. The Temple

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de l'Amour consists of a domed roof supported by twelve Corinthian columns, and open on all sides. It has no walls. Now the Kiosk, as described from the first, and as depicted in a very slight sketch made at the time by Miss Moberly, was unlike either of these. It was 'a small circular building, having pillars and a low surrounding wall'.

When Miss Jourdain was at Versailles in 1906, she was told by M. Pératé that a smaller Belvedere was indicated in an old map as having once existed in the gardens; and we know that during that same spring she had discovered that lost fragment of a broken column hidden in a thicket. Two years went by before she could write, in September 1908, that she had at last found in the *Archives nationales* 'the detailed estimate for a *petite ruine formant la naissance d'une ravine*. It has seven columns with Ionic capitals, and a *Voûte*.'¹ Then, in the Wages Book for 1787, came an entry recording that a workman had been sent to Versailles to fetch the Model of the '*petite ruine*', as if the building was about to begin. This discovery was followed by the finding in the Archives, of the actual sums paid for the erection not only of the Belvedere and the Temple de l'Amour, but of a third and much smaller building called the 'Ruine'.

In *Le Petit Trianon* by Desjardins, Mique is said to have taken the design for this 'Ruine' from 'un édifice circulaire d'un dessin trèsélégant. Voyez *Les Ruines de Baalbec*, par R. Wood, Londres. Planche 44.' This plate (which is reproduced in the present volume) was

¹Mique says he gave the estimate in 1780, but the Queen did not approve. The project was revived in 1787.

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pronounced by Miss Jourdain to resemble 'our Kiosk. Both were round, had low walls, pillars, and a roof *with a slightly Chinese effect* in the upward curve of the roof.'

I have gone with some length into the actual steps by which the truth was reached on these two or three points, as it seems that in no other way could I demonstrate the meticulous care with which every detail was pursued. All the results shown in the book were the fruit of the same methodical research, carried out by true and conscientious scholars.

But the Bodleian papers also include records of the honest examination which was given to successive 'explanations' of the experience at the Trianon. The best-known of these is the photographic, or Film, theory. Even to-day, this is sometimes alluded to as if it had definitely settled the question once for all. Its whole history can now be read.

It is opened by a letter to Miss Moberly from her friend Lady Waldegrave, written soon after *An Adventure* was first published. She says that at a luncheon party in Paris, her sister, Madame de Franqueville, had heard M. de Nolhac say that he could give a very prosaic explanation of the experiences of the two ladies, as he well remembered having given permission, in the summer of 1901, for photographs to be taken at Trianon of the actors in a Fête which had been held there. Miss Moberly at once realised that such an explanation was possible, although she did not think it met the facts. She wrote to ask Miss Jourdain to ascertain the actual day on which these photographs were taken, feeling sure that a record of this must exist, which of course was the case. Miss

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Jourdain wrote to report that she had at once been to Versailles to see the authorities. In her letter she says: 'I asked M. Pératé about permission to photograph. He said, *Yes, if you were there in July. The Fête was in June, and the films were taken then, and soon after, in July.* I looked up the dates in the Day-book of Permissions, and found that there was nothing except in June, and at the Hameau. I asked him if *all* were at the Hameau, and he said *Yes*. He showed me the pictures, which are in *Versailles illustré*, all ridiculously unlike, and in a different part of the gardens to where we were.' M. Pératé's very definite letter, asserting that no photographs were taken in August, is printed in *An Adventure*: and the original of this letter is with the other correspondence in the Bodleian.

But no sooner were the photographs of the Fête disposed of, than a writer in *Chambers' Journal* asserted that Messrs. Pathé had made a film in the gardens on the day in question. An enquiry addressed to them brought the laconic reply: 'Le Filme a été tourné le jeudi 24 janvier 1910.' This date was a mere nine years too late.

An Adventure was adversely reviewed in the *Journal of Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research*, for June 1911. The rules of the Society prevent my quoting from the *Journal*; but after reading this review, Sir William Barrett wrote in the first edition of his volume on *Psychical Research* in the Home University Library, that 'this Narrative, when examined by the S.P.R., appears to be based on slender evidence and trivial incidents, undesignedly amplified by the authors, and cannot be accepted as of any real evidential value.'

It is, however, shown conclusively by the Bodleian

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papers that the evidence had not actually been 'examined' at all; and that the writer of the review had not seen any of these original and contemporary records of the research. The opinion of those members of the Council who did subsequently examine them, was fundamentally altered by them. Sir William Barrett wrote in October 1912 (the letter being now in the Bodleian):

'I am surprised to hear that the S.P.R. never examined the testimonies you offered to send them. . . . The evidence seems absolutely conclusive of the recital of your narrative immediately after your first visit to Versailles. Unreservedly therefore I will withdraw the statement in my little book.'

The papers in the Bodleian decisively prove that these documents were offered to the S.P.R., and were not accepted by them; and in the later editions of *Psychical Research* Sir William Barrett's withdrawal appears. He writes as follows:

'The remarkable book entitled *An Adventure* written by two ladies, gives an account of their visit to Versailles in the year 1901, when they found themselves transported to the times of Louis XVI and saw the surroundings of the Petit Trianon as they were at that date. Without knowing the fact at the time, this collective hallucination was shared by both ladies, and extended to the people seen, the dresses they wore, and the words they spoke to the ladies. On a second visit by one of the ladies, six months later, a somewhat similar hallucination was experienced, but on later visits both the ladies only saw the buildings, ground and people as they are now. The critical review by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, published by the

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S.P.R., considered this case an illustration of Hypothesis No. 5 ("Illusion or imagination, stimulated by expectancy, and the hallucination transferred from one person to another through the influence of suggestion or even telepathy") and I was strongly disposed at first to agree with this view. Having since read the narrative written independently by each of the percipients, shortly after their strange experience, together with other documents supplied to me by the ladies, I am now more inclined to regard this case as a singular instance of retrocognitive vision.'

Mr. Andrew Lang, who was President of the S.P.R. in 1911 when *An Adventure* was published, wrote after seeing the originals of the November narratives that 'they seem to me wholly inconsistent with the theory that they owe anything at all to information from tradition, records, books of costume, and so forth.'

Some years later, a letter from Sir Oliver Lodge says: 'It is well for future science that the record of so carefully noted an Adventure should have been made available.'

As one turns over these letters, written at different dates during the last twenty years, the impression given is that while the story itself, with its crowd of substantiating evidence, is to-day as alive and vivid as ever it was: the criticisms, on the other hand, are singularly dead and out of date. The story was first told to a world very unlike the world of to-day. The nineteenth century, with its definite distinctions between matter and spirit, the real and the unreal, the proven and the non-proven, was dead, but not yet buried, in 1911. Serious critics feared being thought credulous if they swallowed a 'Ghost Story'; and

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it was as a Ghost Story that they one and all considered *An Adventure*, although it was admitted to be an unusually well-authenticated one. Such a view is impossible to-day. For the book does not contain a ghost story, and now-a-days, no well-educated person would think that it could be explained by calling it one. It is the record of an unexplained extension of the limits of human experience: and it describes an experience of a type with which science is more and more concerning itself. From the first, Miss Moberly hoped that what she had seen might some day be of value to scientists, and that hoped-for day has now arrived. The theories of Relativity and of Serialism are altering our conceptions of Time and Space, and the new view which is emerging seems to point towards a solution of some of the problems which are raised by the experience described in *An Adventure*. Mr. J. W. Dunne, the distinguished author of *An Experiment with Time*, has generously permitted me to close this introduction with a Note that he has written on some aspects of Serialism which indicate the lines upon which such a solution might be reached.

EDITH OLIVIER

A NOTE BY J. W. DUNNE

I have been asked (a considerable compliment) to say whether the changes in science and philosophy which have taken place during the last twenty years are such as would enable us to regard the events recorded in this book as logically possible. The question, I understand, is hypothetical. I am not to discuss the accuracy or inaccuracy of the story; but am merely to say whether, *if* true, it is in any way contrary to modern commonsense.

In 1911, when this book first was published, the popular ontology regarding 'time' was that all 'reality' is confined to the instant called 'now', and that the 'past' and the 'future' are purely imaginary. This did not mean that, if you could travel into the past, you would find nothing there—it meant that there is no past to travel into.

This supposition was assailed—as everybody knows—by Einstein. He produced evidence that what one man on one planet would regard, quite correctly, as past *time*, another man on another planet might regard, equally correctly, as present *space*. Hence, if Einstein is right, the contents of time are just as 'real' as the contents of space. Marie Antoinette—body and brain—is sitting in the Trianon garden now. But what does that 'now' mean? Obviously, it cannot mean the three-dimensional 'now' of the ordinary, three-dimensional individual. It is a *four*-dimensional 'now', such as would be employed by a supermind which could perceive Marie Antoinette and you (who are reading this) as equally present to perception.

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The argument of relativity was that the only correct way to describe the world is in terms of this greater 'now', and that three-dimensional 'nows' are only subjective effects due to the peculiar positions which different people occupy in that greater world.

This four-dimensional world arrived at by relativity was declared by its expounders (in a moment of departmental enthusiasm) to be a *complete* world, covering all that has happened and all that will happen. Yet it was obvious that, thus limited, the conception was not up to the physicist's usual high standard of requirement. For physics is based upon *experiment*, that is, upon experiences of individuals in reading instruments at those individuals' single, three-dimensional 'nows'. Its object is to account for the *order* characteristics apparent in those experiences, and one of the most important of these characteristics is that the contents of the individual's single 'now' (*i.e.* the instrument observed) *change*. That is the initial experimental fact presented to the man of science—the starting point of his enquiry—his sole reason for considering the notion of 'time' at all; and a physical solution which is to account for that fact has got to show *how* (though not 'why') it is that each individual has a single 'now' with changing contents. The over-hasty attempt to shut up the world in four dimensions fails in this respect. It provides each person living in that world with a three-dimensional 'now' for every instant of his life, but (and this is the point) none of those 'nows' could be the unique, single 'now' credited to that individual at the outset. He would be left with an infinite number of 'nows', all equally valid, and all equally real-seeming to

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him. Such a creature could not regard his experience of external events as successive; and so, by halting at four dimensions, the system denies the very thing it was devised to account for. If we rectify the omission by adding to the world the unique, single 'nows' required by its various denizens, then we have it that those 'nows' must *travel* through that world (in order that their contents may change, as required). That, of course, is to realise that the limited four-dimensional world contains space only—which accounts for why its alleged 'time dimension' is, in practice, indistinguishable from space!

Again, since a physicist who is drafting a 'space-time' world is obliged to start with single individual 'nows' of changing content, his world is *built upon* those foundations, and he may not expect to find that those foundations are without significance in the resulting edifice. This significance becomes apparent as soon as it is grasped that the 'nows' must travel; for the briefest examination of modern statistical physics shows that the 'nows', in thus travelling, must alter the structure of the world they move in.

Clearly then, whatever the relativist's supposed restricted world of four dimensions may contain, it does not cover absolute time, for quite a lot of *changes* are taking place in it, both from the physicist's and the psychologist's point of view.

The theory which deals with (*inter alia*) the above views of the time problem is called 'Serialism'; and, although it is only in its infancy, the indications are that it extends to cover the whole relation between physics, physiology, and human experience.

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The theory in question demonstrates that the physicist's time can never be anything but an abstraction from real time—a particular *aspect* of real time—its aspect as a length moved-over by the observer. That aspect can never represent the absolute time in which events happen. Absolute time is unreachable by physical or any other analysis, no matter how many dimensions you may add to the world. Yet, according to serialism, the two aspects of the physical world exhibited as, respectively, the contents of any three-dimensional 'now', and the contents of the four-dimensional field traversed by that 'now', are perfectly valid aspects. Only—they are inadequate; they do not give, for anybody's purposes, a *complete* account of time.

But what, for readers of this book, is of more immediate interest is that, according to serialism, those two aspects of the world—the three-dimensional and the four-dimensional—are not only aspects to be thought-of by the intellect, they must correspond to two actual *outlooks* on the world possessed by one-and-the-same psychological *observer*. That sounds an amazing assertion. 'Surely,' you may object, 'if I had two outlooks on the world, a greater and a smaller, I should be fully aware of the fact?' The answer is that you *are*, in all probability, fully aware of the fact; but that, when you employ the larger outlook, you do not realise what you are doing. For the ordinary observer, habitually, confines his attention strictly to the narrower outlook provided by the special physical conditions which exist at his three-dimensional 'now',—the ordinary world of waking life. But, in sleep, there is nothing at that 'now' for him to

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observe (the brain there is dormant), and he is left then to make the best sense he can out of the larger, four-dimensional outlook which he has been ignoring. What he does make of it—pretty fair nonsense—he calls a ‘dream’.

This larger outlook embraces, of course, what he, when concentrating attention on the narrower view, would call his past and future life (a fact which everybody can submit to the test of experiment). *So a dreamer’s attention can travel to and fro in the physicist’s alleged fourth-dimensional ‘time’.*

Investigation shows that there is nothing beyond established habit to keep us, when awake, from using our larger outlooks; but every psychologist knows that a fully established habit amounts to, practically, an inhibition. Habit is quite sufficient to render us totally blind to what, otherwise, we should see. Nevertheless, habit is not absolute compulsion; and many persons, myself included, can obtain glimpses of the larger world even when awake. Also, because nothing but habit is involved, some people lapse into this sort of mind-wandering much more readily than others. They do it mostly, I think, unintentionally; at moments when attention to the narrower ‘now’ is relaxed. So it would be perfectly rational for Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain to perceive, waking, external scenes which had happened in their own pasts.

But the scenes which (according to our agreed-upon assumption) the two ladies saw, happened long before either of them were born. Moreover they were, according to serialism, scenes which could be observed only *via* the eyes and brain of some person present in the garden at

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the period in question, October the 5th, 1789. For either lady to see them, her attention would need to have travelled back beyond the limits of her own life and have jumped to somebody else's brain. And that, of course, would be, not only 'time-travelling', but 'telepathy'.

Serialism has some light to throw here. For it is able to prove very easily what every idealistic philosophy has tried to prove—and failed. It shows that all our individual minds are merely aspects of a universal, common-to-all mind, which mind has for its four-dimensional outlook *all* the individual outlooks. But the real difficulty is this: The attention of the universal mind, when revisiting the 'past' and observing the Trianon garden through the eyes of some person present there on October 5th, 1789—let us say, the child Marion—would constitute, one might argue, *Marion's* attention rather than the attentions of either Miss Moberly or Miss Jourdain, and memories of that revisiting would pertain to the universal mind as *Marion* rather than as anybody else. So the problem of the 'telepathy' remains much the same as before. And that is the difficulty which confronts everyone who tries to explain telepathy by reference to a common-to-all mind.

A serialist, however, can see a lot of daylight here. In fact, a combination of serialism with relativity seems to me to lead straight to full telepathy. But I have a rooted distrust of easy-seeming solutions, and should prefer to study that one a great deal longer before venturing to adopt or discard it.

The foregoing is the most I have to offer from the

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scientific point of view. But, speaking as a layman, and, as such, permitted to indulge in pure speculation, I should like to point out one thing. There is no reason why the Trianon garden should be more subject to 'ghostly' disturbances than any other of the thousand places in Europe where people have lived in a state of terror and dismay. There is a difference, it is true; but it does not lie in the happenings which took place in Versailles. *It lies in the interest which those happenings arouse in our minds to-day.* The tragic story of Marie Antoinette, raised, for us, by its glamour of Queenship, above the dull tale of other people's calamities, is intensely dramatic. And it is the only tale the garden possesses. We can see London for the first time without thinking of the Great Plague, but it would be impossible for any educated person to pay a first visit to the gardens of the Trianon without visualising these in relation to Marie Antoinette. Granted that absorption in that particular part of the past, anyone who is capable, when awake, of mental 'time-travelling' combined with 'telepathy' would be likely to see what these two ladies saw—through the eyes of any persons who walked in that garden in the year 1789. In this connection, the changes in size of the scenery as seen 'then' and seen 'now', suggest that the brains of the child Marion and of the very tall gardener are among the many 'windows' which are available to travellers to those 'times'.

J. W. DUNNE

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MANY YEARS have passed since the incidents occurred which were recorded in *An Adventure*, but our interest in them has not diminished; on the contrary, it has increased. Our view that we had witnessed something unusual yet in accordance with historical fact, generally unknown and quite unknown to us at the time, has been corroborated by fresh evidence.

Finding that on our repeated visits to the Petit Trianon we could never again discover many of the places in which we had been on the first occasion, we took the trouble to ascertain whether the conditions we had known were identical with the historical conditions of the place. This called for first-hand evidence bearing on more than seventy points of minute historical detail, mostly concerning changes in the arrangement of the ground. At that date information on this subject was very scanty. Many of the French histories and biographies of a hundred years ago, now so common, as well as descriptive accounts and illustrations of the place, were published later than our visit in 1901. We had to read original documents. The result of this showed us that everything we had described by word and in writing before the research began was in agreement with the conditions of the place in 1789, many of which had not persisted later than that date. This seemed sufficiently interesting to be recorded, for even if we had been deceived in one or two details, it was

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difficult to believe that we could have been deceived in all.

One explanation was freely offered to us: it was suggested that preparations for a cinematograph film were taking place whilst we were in the grounds of the Petit Trianon. Though we knew that such a solution did not tally with the facts as we had experienced them, yet before publishing the book in 1911 we consulted the authorities at Versailles about such a possibility. From them we learned definitely that no leave to take photographs for a film was granted during August 1901. Later, we received a letter from the *Château de Versailles* confirming the fact. 'Je n'ai aucun souvenir de scènes historiques photographiées à Versailles ou aux Trianons en août 1901; je suis convaincu qu'il s'agit de la fête donnée au Hameau de Marie Antoinette au mois de juin de cette année-là; et je crains bien qu'il ne soit très difficile d'en trouver des photographies.'

The municipal records show that there had been a fête with historically dressed groups in June 1901, and that some photographs of these groups were taken the following month.¹ A note was added that the fête had taken place at the Hameau. The names of photographers in Paris who were most likely to know about this were supplied to us, but, on enquiry, we were assured that none of them had taken photographs at the Trianon on 10th August 1901, nor did they know of any having been taken at that time.

A definite statement was subsequently made to us that

¹The photographs in question when shown to us were entirely unlike anything that we had seen.

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a film was taken by MM. Pathé Frères for a well-known cinematograph 'just at the time' we were at Versailles. A letter to MM. Pathé Frères brought the answer that the film referred to 'a été tourné le jeudi, 24 janvier 1910 à Versailles au Petit Trianon' (not in 1901). Again, more recently, a French journal quoted in several English newspapers, asserted that 'exactly at that date' a film was being taken at the Trianon. The date given was 1905. As we were not in France that year, nor have we ever walked in the Trianon gardens 'par un soir d'automne orageux . . . à la tombée de la nuit', the incident referred to has no bearing on our story.

All these suggestions were made in reference to the persons we met. There were eight in all, but never more than two at once. We recognised no one; and while thinking them very French, they were not in such costumes as to remind us of historical personages. Greater and more accurate knowledge, gradually acquired, proved that most of them were in the morning dress of 1789. We have never seen them exactly portrayed in any pictures of costumes of that period.

The most interesting part of our narrative, however, has to do with the change of scenery from what it is now to what it was a hundred years back. Some of it had only existed for sixteen or seventeen years, created by Marie Antoinette and destroyed immediately after her death. The chief features of our experience on that pleasant afternoon were the impressions of exceptional loneliness, and the extreme silence and stillness of the place. These impressions have never been renewed in the same localities.

The Hameau (which we did not see that year) is a part

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of the grounds having a sheet of water, open glades of trees, and a picturesque background of interesting cottages. It was arranged by Mique, the Queen's architect,¹ and is left untouched save by natural decay. But we were not in that part of the little domain. We were walking on high ground between the Queen's theatre and the smaller lake with the Belvédère. It was a narrow path, having rocks on one side and deeply shaded by trees, completely shutting out any view. For this reason we could not see the Belvédère, or the Temple de l'Amour, or the Rocher bridge which crosses one end of the smaller lake. This overshadowed pathway was (we now know) destroyed by Louis Philippe when he finally levelled the grottos which had been destroyed immediately after the Queen's death. The original formation of it is told in some detail in the gardener's wages-book, which was placed after the King's death in the National Archives at Paris, where we studied it several years after our first visit to Versailles.

By the recovery in 1903 of Mique's original manuscript plan for the laying out of the Petit Trianon gardens, valuable information has been obtained about the position of the little ravine in the Queen's grotto, exactly confirming our remembered impression. The account given to us by the local authorities of the recovery of this map is a great additional piece of evidence.² So, also, is the testimony of the French colonel who with his friend walked with us, in 1913, over that part of the garden. They gave us quite invaluable information about the uniforms worn by the *gardes des portes* in 1789 and about other things.³

We have been allowed to add an account of the experi-

¹ Guillotined, 1794.

² Appendix II.

³ Appendix III.

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ences of three persons in 1908 who, all three together, twice saw the lady spoken of in *An Adventure*, never doubting that she was ghostly, on account of the manner in which she appeared and disappeared. Other details of their story were very like ours, of which at the time they had not heard.¹

Though on the afternoon of our first visit to the Petit Trianon there were moments of oppression, yet we were not asleep, nor in a trance, nor even greatly surprised—everything was too natural. Astonishment came later, when we knew more. We were walking briskly during that half-hour or so, talking about other matters, whilst observing with quiet interest our surroundings, which undoubtedly made an indelible impression on our minds. Neither of us had previously made any special study of that period of French history or of the place. We had never heard the latter described, and had not even read Baedeker on the subject. But it is a point of real interest to us that our walk that day and the subsequent researches awoke a very keen interest in French history and literature. It has therefore sometimes been supposed that we knew beforehand the intimate history that we really learned later than that date. But the awakening of a special interest in the history of French thought has made us believe that the incident owed its origin rather to a passing extension of the senses than to any withdrawal of them.

We record these things in order that they may be considered whenever the time shall come when a true explanation of our story may become possible.

¹ Appendix IV.

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We have to thank many friends in England and France who have kindly communicated with us concerning various points of historical detail, which no ordinary histories of the time and place could supply.

C. ANNE E. MOBERLY ·
ELEANOR F. JOURDAIN

CHAPTER I

THREE VISITS TO THE PETIT TRIANON

*MISS MOBERLY'S ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST
VISIT TO THE PETIT TRIANON*

AUGUST, 1901

AFTER SOME days of sight-seeing in Paris, to which we were almost strangers, on an August afternoon, 1901, Miss Jourdain and I went to Versailles. We had very hazy ideas as to where it was or what there was to be seen. Both of us thought it might prove to be a dull expedition.¹ We went by train, and walked through the rooms and galleries of the Palace with interest, though we constantly regretted our inability through ignorance to feel properly the charm of the place. My knowledge of French history was limited to the very little I had learnt in the schoolroom,² historical novels, and the first volume of Justin McCarthy's *French Revolution*. Over thirty years before my brother had written a prize poem on *Marie Antoinette*, for whom at the time I had felt much enthusiasm. But the German occupation was chiefly in our minds, and Miss Jourdain and I thought and spoke of it several times.

¹We stayed in Paris about three weeks. We remained at home during the mornings and went for expeditions each afternoon, without hurry or fatigue.

²This included Carlyle's *French Revolution* and some general histories of France.

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We sat down in the Salle des Glaces, where a very sweet air was blowing in at the open windows over the flower-beds below, and finding that there was time to spare, I suggested our going to the Petit Trianon. My sole knowledge of it was from a magazine article read as a girl, from which I received a general impression that it was a farm-house where the Queen had amused herself.

Looking in Baedeker's map we saw the sort of direction and that there were two Trianons, and set off. By not asking the way we went an unnecessarily long way round—by the great flights of steps from the fountains and down the central avenue as far as the head of the long pond. The weather had been very hot all the week, but on this day the sky was a little overcast and the sun shaded. There was a lively wind blowing, the woods were looking their best, and we both felt particularly vigorous. It was a most enjoyable walk.

After reaching the beginning of the long water we struck away to the right down a woodland glade until we came obliquely to the other water close to the building which we rightly concluded to be the Grand Trianon. We passed it on our left hand, and came upon a broad green drive perfectly deserted. If we had followed it we should have come immediately to the Petit Trianon, but, not knowing its position, we crossed the drive and went up a lane in front of us. I was surprised that Miss Jourdain did not ask the way from a woman who was shaking a white cloth out of the window of a building at the corner of the lane, but followed, supposing that she knew where she was going to. Talking about England, and mutual acquaintances there, we went up the lane, and then made a

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sharp turn to the right past some buildings. We looked in at an open doorway and saw the end of a carved staircase, but as no one was about we did not like to go in. There were three paths in front of us, and as we saw two men a little ahead on the centre one, we followed it, and asked them the way. Afterwards we spoke of them as gardeners, because we remembered a wheelbarrow of some kind close by and the look of a pointed spade, but they were really very dignified officials, dressed in long greyish-green coats with small three-cornered hats. They directed us straight on.¹

We walked briskly forward, talking as before, but from the moment we left the lane an extraordinary depression had come over me, which, in spite of every effort to shake off, steadily deepened. There seemed to be absolutely no reason for it; I was not at all tired, and was becoming more interested in my surroundings. I was anxious that my companion should not discover the sudden gloom upon my spirits, which became quite overpowering on reaching the point where the path ended, being crossed by another, right and left.

In front of us was a wood, within which, and overshadowed by trees, was a light garden kiosk, circular, and like a small bandstand, by which a man was sitting. There was no greensward, but the ground was covered with rough grass and dead leaves as in a wood. The place was so shut in that we could not see beyond it. Everything suddenly looked unnatural, therefore unpleasant; even the trees behind the building seemed to have become flat

¹One man looked older than the other. Both were very grave.

AN ADVENTURE

and lifeless, *like a wood worked in tapestry*. There were no effects of light and shade, and no wind stirred the trees. It was all intensely still.

The man sitting close to the kiosk (who had on a cloak and a large shady hat) turned his head and looked at us. That was the culmination of my peculiar sensations, and I felt a moment of genuine alarm. The man's face was most repulsive—its expression odious. His complexion was very dark and rough. I said to Miss Jourdain, 'Which is our way?' but thought 'nothing will induce me to go to the left.' It was a great relief at that moment to hear someone running up to us in breathless haste. Connecting the sound with the gardeners, I turned and ascertained that there was no one on the paths, either to the side or behind, but at almost the same moment I suddenly perceived another man quite close to us, behind and rather to the left hand, who had, apparently, just come either over or through the rock (or whatever it was) that shut out the view at the junction of the paths. The suddenness of his appearance was something of a shock.

The second man was distinctly a gentleman; he was tall, with large dark eyes, and had crisp, curling black hair under the same large sombrero hat. He was handsome, and the effect of the hair was to make him look like an old picture. His face was glowing red as through great exertion—as though he had come a long way. At first I thought he was sunburnt, but a second look satisfied me that the colour was from heat, not sunburning. He had on a dark cloak wrapped across him like a scarf, one end flying out in his prodigious hurry. He looked greatly excited as he called out to us, 'Mesdames, Mesdames' (or

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'Madame' pronounced more as the other), 'il ne faut' (pronounced *fout*) 'pas passer par là.' He then waved his arm, and said with great animation, 'par ici . . . cherchez la maison.'¹

I was so surprised at his eagerness that I looked up at him again, and to this he responded with a little backward movement and a most peculiar smile. Though I could not follow all he said, it was clear that he was determined that we should go to the right and not to the left. As this fell in with my own wish, I went instantly towards a little bridge on the right, and turning my head to join Miss Jourdain in thanking him, found, to my surprise, that he was not there, but the running began again, and from the sound it was close beside us.

Silently we passed over the small rustic bridge which crossed a tiny ravine. So close to us when on the bridge that we could have touched it with our right hands, a thread-like cascade fell from a height down a green pretty bank, where ferns grew between stones. Where the little trickle of water went to I did not see, but it gave me the impression that we were near other water, though I saw none.

Beyond the little bridge our pathway led under trees; it skirted a narrow meadow of long grass, bounded on the farther side by trees, and very much overshadowed by trees growing in it. This gave the whole place a sombre look suggestive of dampness, and shut out the view of the house until we were close to it. The house was a square, solidly built small country house—quite different

¹The man said a great deal more which we could not catch. He was young and active and greatly excited.

AN ADVENTURE

from what I expected. The long windows looking north into the English garden (where we were) were shuttered. There was a terrace round the north and west sides of the house, and on the rough grass, which grew quite up to the terrace, and with her back to it, a lady was sitting, holding out a paper as though to look at it at arm's-length. I supposed her to be sketching, and to have brought her own camp-stool. It seemed as though she must be making a study of trees, for they grew close in front of her, and there seemed to be nothing else to sketch. She saw us, and when we passed close by on her left hand, she turned and looked full at us. It was not a young face, and (though rather pretty) it did not attract me. She had on a shady white hat perched on a good deal of fair hair that fluffed round her forehead. Her light summer dress was arranged on her shoulders in handkerchief fashion, and there was a little line of either green or gold near the edge of the handkerchief, which showed me that it was *over*, not tucked into, her bodice, which was cut low. Her dress was long-waisted, with a good deal of fullness in the skirt, which seemed to be short. I thought she was a tourist, but that her dress was old-fashioned and rather unusual (though people were wearing fichu bodices that summer). I looked straight at her; but some indescribable feeling made me turn away annoyed at her being there.

We went up the steps on to the terrace, my impression being that they led up direct from the English garden; but I was beginning to feel as though we were walking in a dream—the stillness and oppressiveness were so unnatural. Again I saw the lady, this time from behind, and

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noticed that her fichu was pale green. It was rather a relief to me that Miss Jourdain did not propose to ask her whether we could enter the house from that side.

We crossed the terrace to the south-west corner and looked over into the *cour d'honneur*; and then turned back, and seeing that one of the long windows overlooking the French garden was unshuttered, we were going towards it when we were interrupted. The terrace was prolonged at right angles in front of what seemed to be a second house. The door of it suddenly opened, and a young man stepped out on to the terrace, banging the door behind him. He had the jaunty manner of a footman, but no livery, and called to us, saying that the way into the house was by the *cour d'honneur*, and offered to show us the way round. He looked inquisitively amused as he walked by us down the French garden till we came to an entrance into the front drive. We came out sufficiently near the first lane we had been in to make me wonder why the garden officials had not directed us back instead of telling us to go forward.

When we were in the front entrance hall we were kept waiting for the arrival of a merry French wedding-party. They walked arm-in-arm in a long procession round the rooms, and we were at the back—too far off from the guide to hear much of his story. We were very much interested, and felt quite lively again. Coming out of the *cour d'honneur* we took a little carriage which was standing there, and drove back to the Hôtel des Réservoirs, in Versailles, where we had tea¹; but we were neither of us

¹I remember that on account of the wind I put on my coat.

AN ADVENTURE

inclined to talk, and did not mention any of the events of the afternoon. After tea we walked back to the station, looking on the way for the Tennis Court.

On the way back to Paris the setting sun at last burst out from under the clouds, bathing the distant Versailles woods in glowing light—Valerien standing out in front a mass of deep purple. Again and again the thought returned—Was Marie Antoinette really much at Trianon, and did she see it for the last time long before the fatal drive to Paris accompanied by the mob?

For a whole week we never alluded to that afternoon, nor did I think about it until I began writing a descriptive letter of our expeditions of the week before. As the scenes came back, one by one, the same sensation of dreamy unnatural oppression came over me so strongly that I stopped writing, and said to Miss Jourdain, 'Do you think that the Petit Trianon is haunted?' Her answer was prompt, 'Yes, I do.' I asked her where she felt it, and she said, 'In the garden where we met the two men, but not only there.' She then described her feeling of depression and anxiety which began at the same point as it did with me, and how she tried not to let me know it. Talking it over we fully realised, for the first time, the theatrical appearance of the man who spoke to us, the inappropriateness of the wrapped cloak on a warm summer afternoon, the unaccountableness of his coming and going, the excited running which seemed to begin and end close to us, and yet always out of sight, and the extreme earnestness with which he desired us to go one way and not another. I said that the thought had crossed my mind that the two men were going to fight a duel, and that they were waiting

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until we were gone. Miss Jourdain owned to having disliked the thought of passing the man of the kiosk.

We did not speak again of the incident during my stay in Paris, though we visited the Conciergerie prisons, and the tombs of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette at Saint-Denis, where all was clear and fresh and natural.

Three months later Miss Jourdain came to stay with me, and on Sunday, 10th November, 1901, we returned to the subject, and I said, 'If we had known that a lady was sitting so near us sketching it would have made all the difference, for we should have asked the way.' She replied that she had seen no lady. I reminded her of the person sitting under the terrace; but Miss Jourdain declared that there was no one there. I exclaimed that it was impossible that she should not have seen the individual for we were walking side by side and went straight up to her, passed her and looked down upon her from the terrace. It was inconceivable to us both that she should not have seen the lady, but the fact was clear that Miss Jourdain had not done so, though we had both been rather on the look-out for someone who would reassure us as to whether we were trespassing or not.

Finding that we had a new element of mystery, and doubting how far we had seen any of the same things, we resolved to write down independent accounts of our expedition to Trianon, read up its history, and make every enquiry about the place. Miss Jourdain returned to her school the same evening, and two days later I received from her a very interesting letter, giving the result of her first enquiries.

C. A. E. M.

AN ADVENTURE

MISS JOURDAIN'S ACCOUNT OF HER FIRST VISIT TO THE PETIT TRIANON IN 1901

AUGUST, 1901

In the summer of 1900 I stayed in Paris for the first time, and in the course of that summer took a flat and furnished it, intending to place a French lady there in charge of my elder schoolgirls. Paris was quite new to me, and beyond seeing the picture galleries and one or two churches I made no expeditions except to shops, for the Exhibition of 1900 was going on, and all my free time was spent in seeing it with my French friends. The next summer, however, 1901, when, after several months at my school in England, I came back to Paris, it was to take the first opportunity possible of having a visitor to stay there: and I asked Miss Moberly to come with me.

Miss Moberly suggested our seeing the historic part of Paris in something like chronological order, and I looked forward to seeing it practically for the first time with her. We decided to go to Versailles one day, though rather reluctantly, as we felt it was diverging from our plan to go there too soon. I did not know what to expect, as my ignorance of the place and its significance was extreme. So we looked up general directions in Baedeker, and trusted to finding our way at the time.

After spending some time in the Palace, we went down by the terrace and struck to the right to find the Petit Trianon. We walked for some distance down a wooded alley, and then came upon the buildings of the Grand Trianon, before which we did not delay. We went on in

THREE VISITS TO THE PETIT TRIANON

the direction of the Petit Trianon, but just before reaching what we knew afterwards to be the main entrance I saw a gate leading to a path cut deep below the level of the ground above, and as the way was open and had the look of an entrance that was used, I said, 'Shall we try this path? it must lead to the house,' and we followed it. To our right we saw some farm-buildings looking empty and deserted; implements (among others a plough) were lying about; we looked in, but saw no one. The impression was saddening, but it was not until we reached the crest of the rising ground where there was a garden that I began to feel as if we had lost our way, and as if something were wrong. There were two men there in official dress (greenish in colour), with something in their hands; it might have been a staff. A wheelbarrow and some other gardening tools were near them. They told us, in answer to my enquiry, to go straight on. I remember repeating my question, because they answered in a seemingly casual and mechanical way, but only got the same answer in the same manner. As we were standing there I saw to the right of us a detached solidly built cottage, with stone steps at the door. A woman and a girl were standing at the doorway, and I particularly noticed their unusual dress; both wore white kerchiefs tucked into the bodice, and the girl's dress, though she looked thirteen or fourteen only, was down to her ankles. The woman was passing a jug to the girl, who wore a close white cap.¹

¹The woman was standing on the steps, bending slightly forward, holding a jug in her hand. The girl was looking up at her from below with her hands raised, but nothing in them. She might

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Following the directions of the two men we walked on: but the path pointed out to us seemed to lead away from where we imagined the Petit Trianon to be; and there was a feeling of depression and loneliness about the place. I began to feel as if I were walking in my sleep; the heavy dreaminess was oppressive. At last we came upon a path crossing ours, and saw in front of us a building consisting of some columns roofed in, and set back in the trees. Seated on the steps was a man with a heavy black cloak round his shoulders, and wearing a slouch hat. At that moment the eerie feeling which had begun in the garden culminated in a definite impression of something uncanny and fear-inspiring. The man slowly turned his face, which was marked by smallpox: his complexion was very dark. The expression was very evil and yet unseeing, and though I did not feel that he was looking particularly at us, I felt a repugnance to going past him. But I did not wish to show the feeling, which I thought was meaningless, and we talked about the best way to turn, and decided to go to the right.

Suddenly we heard a man running behind us: he shouted, 'Mesdames, mesdames,' and when I turned he said in an accent that seemed to me unusual that our way lay in another direction. 'Il ne faut' (pronounced *fout*) 'pas passer par là.' He then made a gesture, adding, 'par ici . . . cherchez la maison.' Though we were surprised to be addressed, we were glad of the direction, and I

have been just going to take the jug or have just given it up. Her light brown hair escaped from under her cap. I remember that both seemed to pause for an instant, as in a *tableau vivant*; but we passed on, and I did not see the end.

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thanked him. The man ran off with a curious smile on his face: the running ceased as abruptly as it had begun, not far from where we stood. I remember that the man was young-looking, with a florid complexion and rather long dark hair. I do not remember the dress, except that the material was dark and heavy, and that the man wore buckled shoes.

We walked on, crossing a small bridge that went across a green bank, high on our right hand and shelving down below as to a very small overshadowed pool of water glimmering some way off. A tiny stream descended from above us, so small as to seem to lose itself before reaching the little pool. We then followed a narrow path till almost immediately we came upon the English garden front of the Petit Trianon. The place was deserted; but as we approached the terrace I remember drawing my skirt away with a feeling as though someone were near and I had to make room, and then wondering why I did it. While we were on the terrace a boy came out of the door of a second building which opened on it, and I still have the sound in my ears of his slamming it behind him. He directed us to go round to the other entrance, and, seeing us hesitate, with the peculiar smile of suppressed mockery offered to show us the way. We passed through the French garden, part of which was walled in by trees. The feeling of dreariness was very strong there, and continued till we actually reached the front entrance to the Petit Trianon and looked round the rooms in the wake of a French wedding-party. Afterwards we drove back to the Rue des Réservoirs.

The impression returned to me at intervals during the

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week that followed, but I did not speak of it until Miss Moberly asked me if I thought the Petit Trianon was haunted, and I said Yes. Then, too, the inconsistency of the dress and behaviour of the man with an August afternoon at Versailles struck me. We had only this one conversation about the two men. Nothing else passed between us in Paris.

It was not till three months later, when I was staying with her, that Miss Moberly casually mentioned the lady, and almost refused to believe that I had not seen her. How that happened was quite inexplicable, to me, for I believed myself to be looking about on all sides, and it was not so much that I did not remember her as that I could have said no one was there. But as she said it I remembered my impression at the moment of there being more people than I could see, though I did not tell her this.

The same evening, 10th November, 1901, I returned to my school near London. Curiously enough, the next morning I had to give one of a set of lessons on the French Revolution for the Higher Certificate, and it struck me for the first time with great interest that the 10th of August had a special significance in French history, and that we had been at Trianon on the anniversary of the day.

That evening, when I was preparing to write down my experiences, a French friend whose home was in Paris came into my room, and I asked her, just on the chance, if she knew any story about the haunting of the Petit Trianon. (I had not mentioned our story to her before, nor indeed to anyone.) She said directly that she re-

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membered hearing from friends at Versailles that on a certain day in August Marie Antoinette is regularly seen sitting outside the garden front at the Petit Trianon, with a light flapping hat and a pink dress. More than this, that the place, especially the farm, the garden, and the path by the water, are peopled with those who used to be with her there; in fact that all the occupations and amusements reproduce themselves there for a day and a night. I then told her our story, and when I quoted the words that the man spoke to us, and imitated as well as I could his accent, she immediately said that it was the Austrian pronunciation of French. I had privately thought that he spoke old¹ French. Immediately afterwards I wrote and told this to Miss Moberly.

E. F. J.

On receiving Miss Jourdain's letter I turned to my diary to see on what Saturday in August it was that we had visited Versailles, and looked up the history to find out to what event she alluded. On 10th August 1792 the Tuileries was sacked. The royal family escaped in the early morning to the Hall of the Assembly, where they were peined up for many hours hearing themselves practically deposed, and within sound of the massacre of their servants and of the Swiss Guards at the Tuileries. From the Hall the King and Queen were taken to the Temple.

We wondered whether we had inadvertently entered within an act of the Queen's memory when alive, and

¹By 'old' I mean old or unusual forms, perhaps surviving in provincial French.

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whether this explained our curious sensation of being completely shut in and oppressed. What more likely, we thought, than that during those hours in the Hall of the Assembly, or in the Conciergerie, she had gone back in such vivid memory to other Augusts spent at Trianon that some impress of it was imparted to the place? Some pictures which were shown to me proved that the outdoor dress of the gentlemen at Court had been a large hat and cloak, and that the ladies wore long-waisted bodices, with full gathered short skirts, fichus, and hats.

I told the story to my brother, and we heartily agreed that, as a rule, such stories made no impression at all upon us, because we always believed that, if only the persons involved would take the trouble to investigate them thoroughly and honestly for themselves, they could be quite naturally explained. We agreed that such a story as ours had very little value without more proof of reality than it had, but that as there were one or two interesting points in it, it would be best to sift the matter quietly, lest others should make more of them than they deserved. He suggested lightly and in fun that perhaps we had seen the Queen as she thought of herself, and that it would be interesting to know whether the dress described was the one she had on at the time of her *rêverie*, or whether it was one she recollected having worn at an earlier date. My brother also enquired whether we were quite sure that the last man we had seen (who came out of the side building), as well as the wedding-party, were all real persons. I assured him with great amusement that we had not the smallest doubt as to the reality of them all.

As Miss Jourdain was going to Paris for the Christmas

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holidays, I wrote and asked her to take any opportunity she might have to see the place again, and to make a plan of the paths and the buildings; for the guide-books spoke of the Temple de l'Amour and the Belvédère, and I thought one of them might prove to be our kiosk.

C. A. E. M.

MISS JOURDAIN'S ACCOUNT OF HER SECOND VISIT TO THE PETIT TRIANON

JANUARY, 1902

On 2nd January 1902 I went for the second time to Versailles. It was a cold and wet day, but I was anxious not to be deterred by that, as it was likely to be my only possible day that winter. This time I drove straight to the Petit Trianon, passing the Grand Trianon. Here I could see the path up which we had walked in August. I went, however, to the regular entrance, thinking I would go at once to the Temple de l'Amour, even if I had time to go no farther. To the right of the *cour d'honneur* was a door in the wall; it led to the Hameau de la Reine and to the gardens. I took this path and came to the Temple de l'Amour, which was *not* the building we had passed in the summer. There was, so far, none of the eerie feeling we had experienced in August. But, on crossing a bridge to go to the Hameau, the old feeling returned in full force; it was as if I had crossed a line and was suddenly in a circle of influence. To the left I saw a tract of park-like ground, the trees bare and very scanty.

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I noticed a cart being filled with sticks by two labourers, and thought I could go to them for directions if I lost my way. The men wore tunics and capes with pointed hoods of bright colours, a sort of terracotta red and deep blue.¹ I turned aside for an instant—not more—to look at the Hameau, and when I looked back men and cart were completely out of sight, and this surprised me, as I could see a long way in every direction. And though I had seen the men in the act of loading the cart with sticks, I could not see any trace of them on the ground, either at the time or afterwards. I did not, however, dwell upon any part of the incident, but went on to the Hameau. The houses were all built near a sheet of water, and the old oppressive feeling of the last year was noticeable, especially under the balcony of the Maison de la Reine, and near a window in what I afterwards found to be the Laiterie. I really felt a great reluctance to go near the window or look in, and when I did so I found it shuttered inside.

Coming away from the Hameau I at last reached a building, which I knew from my plan to be the small Orangerie; then, meaning to go to the Belvédère, I turned back by mistake into the park and found myself in a wood so thick that though I had turned towards the Hameau I could not see it. Before I entered I looked across an open space towards a belt of trees to the left of the Hameau some way off, and noticed a man, cloaked like those we had seen before, slip swiftly through the line of trees. The smoothness of his movement attracted my attention.

I was puzzling my way among the maze of paths in the wood when I heard a rustling behind me, which made me

¹One man wore red, the other blue; the colours were not mixed.

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wonder why people in silk dresses came out on such a wet day; and I said to myself, 'just like French people'. I turned sharply round to see who they were, but saw no one, and then, all in a moment, I had the same feeling as by the terrace in the summer, only in a much greater degree; it was as though I were closed in by a group of people who already filled the path, coming from behind and passing me. At one moment there seemed really no room for me. I heard some women's voices talking French, and caught the words 'Monsieur et Madame' said close to my ear. The crowd got scarce and drifted away, and then faint music as of a band, not far off, was audible. It was playing very light music with a good deal of repetition in it. Both voices and music were diminished in tone, as in a phonograph, unnaturally. The pitch of the band was lower than usual. The sounds were intermittent, and once more I felt the swish of a dress close by me.

I looked at the map which I had with me, but whenever I settled which path to take I felt impelled to go by another. After turning backwards and forwards many times I at last found myself back at the Orangerie, and was overtaken by a gardener.¹ I asked him where I should find the Queen's grotto, that had been mentioned in De Nolhac's book, which I had procured while in Paris. He told me to follow the path I was on, and, in answer to a question, said that I must pass the Belvédère,

¹I thought this gardener did not look like a Frenchman; he had more the air of an Englishman. He had hair on his face, a grizzled beard, was large and loosely made. His height was very uncommon and he seemed to be of immense strength. His arms were long and very muscular. I noticed that even through the sleeves of his jersey.

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adding that it was quite impossible to find one's way about the park unless one had been brought up in the place and so used to it that '*personne ne pourrait vous tromper*'. The expression specially impressed me because of the experience I had just had in the wood. He pointed out the way and left me. The path led past the Belvédère, which I took for granted was the building we had seen in August, for, coming upon it from behind, all the water was hidden from me. I made my way from there to the French garden without noticing the paths I took.

On my return to Versailles I made careful enquiries as to whether the band had been playing there that day, but was told that though it was the usual day of the week, it had not played because it had played the day before, being New Year's Day.

I told my French friends of my walk, and they said that there was a tradition of Marie Antoinette having been seen making butter within the Laiterie, and for that reason it was shuttered. A second tradition they mentioned interested me very much. It was that on 5th October 1789—which was the last day on which Marie Antoinette went to Trianon—she was sitting there in her grotto, and saw a page running towards her, bringing the letter from the minister at the Palace to say that the mob from Paris would be at the gates in an hour's time. The story went on that she impulsively proposed walking straight back to the Palace by the short cut through the trees. He would not allow it; but begged her to go to the '*maison*' to wait whilst he fetched the carriage by which she was generally conveyed back through the park, and that he ran off to order it.

E. F. J.

THREE VISITS TO THE PETIT TRIANON

1902-1904

During the next two years very little occurred to throw light on the story. The person living in Versailles to whom we had been directed as having related the tradition of the Queen's being at Trianon on 5th October 1789, was unable to remember anything at all about it. The photographs of the Belvédère made it clear that it was not identical with the kiosk. On the many occasions on which Miss Jourdain went to the Trianon she could never again find the places—not even the wood in which she had been. She assured me that the place was entirely different; the distances were much less than we had imagined; and the ground was so bare that the house and the Hameau were in full view of one another; and that there was nothing unnatural about the trees.

Miss Jourdain brought back from Paris *La Reine Marie Antoinette*, by M. de Nolhac, and *Le Petit Trianon*, by Desjardins. We noted that M. de Nolhac related the traditional story of the Queen's visit, and that the comte de Vaudreuil, who betrayed the Queen by inciting her to the fatal acting of the *Barbier de Séville* in her own theatre at Trianon, was a Creole and marked by smallpox (pages 61, 212). Turning over the pages of Desjardins I found Wertmüller's portrait of the Queen, and exclaimed that it was the first of all the pictures I had seen which at all brought back the face of the lady. Some weeks later I found this passage: 'Ce tableau fut assez mal accueilli des critiques contemporains qui le trouvèrent froid, sans majesté, sans grace. Pour la postérité, au contraire, il a le plus grand mérite; celui de la ressemblance. Au dire de Madame Campan, il n'existe de bon portrait de la reine

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que cette toile de Wertmüller et celle que Madame Lebrun peignit en 1787' (page 282).

In January, 1904, Miss Jourdain went to the Comédie Française to see the *Barbier de Séville*, and noticed that the Alguazils standing round were dressed exactly like our garden officials, but had red stockings added. This was interesting, as the Comédie Française is the descendant of the royal private theatre, and the old royal liveries worn by the subordinate actors (who were, in earlier times, the royal servants) are carefully reproduced at it. Also, she reported that Almaviva was dressed in a dark cloak and a large Spanish hat, which was said to be the outdoor dress of French gentlemen of the period.

On Monday, 4th July 1904, Miss Jourdain and I went to the Trianon, this being my second visit. We were accompanied by Mademoiselle —, who had not heard our story. On the Saturday of the same week (9th July) we went again unaccompanied.

Both days were brilliant and hot. On both occasions the dust, glare, trams, and comers and goers, contrasted with the quietness and solitude of our visit in 1901. We went up the lane as at the first time and turned to the right on reaching the building, which we had now learnt to call the *logement du corps de gardes*. From this point everything was changed. The old wall facing us had gates, but they were closed, and the one through which we had seen the drive passing through a grove of trees seemed to have been closed for a very long time. We came directly to the gardener's house, which was quite different in appearance from the cottage described by Miss Jourdain in 1901, in front of which she saw the

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woman and the girl. Beyond the gardener's house was a parterre with flower-beds, and a smooth lawn of many years' careful tendance. It did not seem to be the place where we had met the garden officials.

We spent a long time looking for the old paths. Not only was there no trace of them, but the distances were contracted, and all was on a smaller scale than I recollected. The kiosk was gone; so was the ravine and the little cascade which had fallen from a height above our heads, and the little bridge over the ravine was, of course, gone too. The large bridge with the *rocher* over it, crossing one side of the lake at the foot of the Belvédère, had no resemblance to it. The trees were quite natural, and seemed to have been a good deal cleared out, making that part of the garden much less wooded and picturesque.

The English garden in front of the house was not shaded by many trees; and we could see the house and the Hameau from almost every point. Instead of a much-shaded rough meadow continuing up to the wall of the terrace, there is now a broad gravel sweep beneath it, and the trees on the grass are gone. Exactly where the lady was sitting we found a large spreading bush of, apparently, many years' growth. We did not recognise the present staircase, which leads up to the north-west end of the terrace, nor the extension of wall round which one has now to go in order to reach the staircase. We thought that we went up to the terrace from some point nearer to the house from the English garden: also, the present exit from the French garden to the avenue was not so near the house as we expected, nor was it so broad as we remembered it.

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To add to the impossibility of recalling our first visit, in every corner we came across groups of noisy merry people walking or sitting in the shade. Garden seats placed everywhere, and stalls for fruit and lemonade, took away from any idea of desolation. The commonplace, unhistorical atmosphere was totally inconsistent with the air of silent mystery by which we had been so much oppressed. Though for several years Miss Jourdain had assured me of the change, I had not expected such complete disillusionment.

One thing struck me greatly—people went wherever they liked, and no one would think of interfering to show the way, or to prevent anyone from going in any direction. We searched the place at our pleasure.

We went to the Hameau, following the path taken by Miss Jourdain on 2nd January 1902. We tried to find the thick wood in which she had lost her way, but there was nothing like it, and such paths as there are now are perfectly visible from one another, even in summer. We asked a gardener sweeping one of the paths whether that part of the grounds had ever been a thick wood. He said he believed that it had been, but could give us no date beyond the fact that it was before his time—more than twenty years ago.

On our return to Versailles we went into a bookseller's shop and asked if he had any maps or views of the Petit Trianon as it had been in old days. He showed us a picture (which he would not part with) of the Jeu de Bague. We saw at once that the central building had some likeness to the kiosk, but the surrounding part was not like, and its position was unsuitable for our purpose.

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We enquired about the green uniforms of the garden officials, and he emphatically denied their existence. He said that 'green was one of the colours of the royal liveries', and when we answered that three years before persons in long greenish coats had directed us in the grounds, he spoke of it as 'impossible—unless', he added, 'they were masqueraders.' One of the *gardiens* of the Palace also told us that 'green was a royal livery and that now only the President had the right to use it on certain occasions.'

We asked how long the gardens had been thrown open to the public and people allowed to wander everywhere, and were told that 'it had been so for *years*,' and this evidently implied a great many years.

The result of this expedition was to make us take a graver view of our first visit, and we resolved to look into the matter as carefully as we could, for no ordinary histories of the French Revolution supplied topographical details of the Queen's private garden. After some years we have been able to collect many facts, small and unimportant in themselves, but together forming a single picture of strange significance to us.

C. A. E. M.
E. F. J.

CHAPTER II

SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF RESEARCH

THE PLOUGH

THE FIRST incident in our expedition to Trianon in 1901 was that, after passing the *logement du corps de gardes*, a small hand-plough was seen by Miss Jourdain lying on the ground not far from some wide-open gates in an old wall opposite to us, through which we could see the stems of a grove of trees, and a drive leading through it.

In 1905 she was told by a gardener that no plough was kept at Trianon; there was no need of one, as the Government only required the lawns, walks, water, trees and flowers to be kept up.

In 1908 another gardener told us both that ploughs have entirely altered in character since the Revolution, and it was not likely that the old type would be seen anywhere in France now.

It would seem that no plough was used ordinarily at Trianon even in old days, for amongst a list of tools bought for the gardeners from 1780-1789 there is no mention of a plough.¹

We learned, in 1905, from Desjardins' book, that throughout the reign of Louis XVI an old plough used in his predecessor's reign had been preserved at the Petit

¹ *Archives Nationales* O¹, 1878.

RESULTS OF RESEARCH

Trianon and sold with the King's other properties during the Revolution.¹

A picture of this identical plough, procured in 1907, showed that it had handles like the one seen in 1901, but the ploughshare was hidden in the ground and could not be compared.²

In the old map of 1783³ there is ploughed land where, later, the Hameau was built and the sheet of water placed: but there is none in the later maps, nor any now to be seen in the grounds.

THE GUARDS

The second event was our meeting with two dignified thoughtful-looking officials, dressed in long green coats and three-cornered hats, holding something in their hands which Miss Jourdain wrote of in 1901 as possibly being staves. In response to our enquiry for the Petit Trianon they coldly directed us forward.

There are no officials so dressed at Trianon now. At present they wear black, with tricolour rosettes in their hats; in summer they have white trousers.

In 1904 we were told by fully informed persons at Versailles that it was 'impossible' that we should have seen such uniforms, 'unless they were worn by masqueraders,' for green was a royal livery, and no one wore it now at Trianon.⁴

¹Desjardins, p. 15; Rocheterie's *Histoire de Marie Antoinette*, pp. 289, 290, vol. i.

²In the Bibliothèque Nationale.

³Mique's map, copied by Contant de la Motte.

⁴The King's livery was blue and silver; the Queen's was scarlet and gold. 'L'habit de Trianon était écarlate, avec une veste à fond

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Supposing them to have been masqueraders, the dress may have been that of *gardes de la porte*. The ceremonial overdress of the *gardes de la porte*, as was that of part of the *gardes du corps* (*gardes de la Manche*), was green, with gold and silver embroidery and red stockings; they carried halberds.¹ But the officers had *galon* instead of embroidery, and no red stockings; they carried an ebony cane with an ivory ball.²

The livery of the comte d'Artois, who was *colonel-général* of the *gardes Suisses*, was green; and those of the *gardes du corps* and *Suisses* who were in his service had green uniforms.³

There is evidence of a much quieter dress without even *galon*, called the 'petite livrée', which was probably green, as it was worn by the *Suisses*, *piqueurs*, *gardes de la porte*, and the *garçons jardiniers*.⁴ The traditional dress of those royal servants who filled the minor parts in the Royal Theatre at Versailles is still to be seen at the acting of the *Barbier de Séville* in the Comédie Française, which is the descendant of the Royal Theatre. This dress (except for the added red stockings) is the same as the one we saw in 1901.

In 1908 we learned that the *porte du jardinier* at the blanc, bordée de fil d'or. C'est toujours, comme on voit, la livrée de la reine.' Even the King sometimes came to Trianon in it.—*DESJARDINS*, pp. 81, 259, 297.

¹Picture of a 'Garde de la Porte du Roi Louis XV, dite de la Manche, d'après une gravure de Chevilet.'—R. JACQUEMIN.

²*Souvenirs d'un Page, le comte D'Hezecques*, pp. 130-134. (He says that their underdress was blue.)

³*Ibid.*, p. 137.

⁴*Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1883.

RESULTS OF RESEARCH

Petit Trianon was always guarded 'dans le temps', and that on 5th October 1789 the guards were two of the three Bersy brothers who, with Bréval, were generally on duty whenever the Queen was in residence at Trianon. From their writing and spelling they were evidently well educated. They had the title of *garçons jardiniers de la Chambre*, and they are said to have been stationed in '*la pépinière proche la maison*'.¹ The most ancient *pépinière* was close to the gardener's house.

THE COTTAGE, WOMAN, AND GIRL

Whilst speaking to the two men, Miss Jourdain observed on her right hand a solidly built cottage with stone steps, on which a woman in old-fashioned dress was standing, handing something to a girl of about thirteen or fourteen, who wore a white cap and skirts nearly reaching to her ankles.

In 1904, she saw a picture resembling this cottage in its general appearance in the *Album de Trianon* at the Bibliothèque Nationale. In 1908, she and a friend discovered such a cottage (more than one) within the gates, which were not far from the place where she had seen the plough. These cottages were not in the right position for our experience in 1901, but the type was the same.

In 1908 we discovered from the map of 1783 that there was a building, not now in existence, placed against the wall (outside) of the gardener's yard between the *ruelle* and the *porte du jardinier* near the reservoir.² This building would be exactly in the right place for Miss Jourdain's cottage.

¹*Ibid.*, 1878 and 1880.

²Map by Contant de la Motte.

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In September, 1910, we saw from marks on this wall that a building might have stood here; for the cornice of the wall is broken into, and there seems to be a perpendicular line from it to the ground visible through the plaster. A photograph shows this.

If the girl seen were the 'Marion' of Madame Julie Lavergne's story (first read in 1906), she would have been fourteen years old in 1789, and her mother was then alive.¹ Her father's house would have been near the reservoir and not within the locked gates of any enclosure, for she let herself out at night by an open window.² All this would suit the position of the building in the map.

THE KIOSK

On our entrance into the English garden in 1901, we found our path crossed by another, beyond which, in front of us but rather to the left hand, stood a small circular building having pillars and a low surrounding wall. It was on rough uneven ground, and was overshadowed by trees.

Repeated searches by ourselves and others have failed to discover this building.

In 1906 the authorities at Versailles showed us an old map '*vers 1783*' and pointed to the site of an erection

¹ Marion's mother died shortly before 1793. In 1793 Marion was chosen by the Versailles Republican Club to personate the local Goddess of Reason. Horrified at the prospect, the night before the installation on the altar of the Versailles Notre Dame she so disfigured her face with scratches from a thorn branch that she never completely lost the marks.—*Légendes de Trianon*, Lavergne, p. 97.

² *Légendes de Trianon*, Madame Julie Lavergne, pp. 96, 97.

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and later of a *monticule*, both of which had now disappeared.

The position was right for our kiosk between the Orangerie and the little theatre.

In September, 1908, a paper was found in the archives (without signature or date) giving the estimate for a 'ruine' having seven Ionic columns, walls, and a dome roof.¹ (A 'ruine' seems only to mean a copy of an older building.)² If the walls of this building were low it would correspond in appearance with our recollection of the kiosk. This 'ruine' is said to have formed a 'naissance de la rivière', suggesting its position above the small lake which fed the principal river.³ A piece of old water pipe is still to be seen on the north-western side of the small lake.

If this 'ruine' and two others of those alluded to in the archives were one and the same, there is additional reason for placing the columned building in this part of the garden. 1. In 1788 it is stated that rocks were placed at intervals on a path leading from 'la ruine' to the '2 ième source du ravin' beyond the wooden bridge.⁴ Desjardins considers one of the 'sources' to have been close to the *poulailler* which was at our right hand; this might have been the second spring.⁵ 2. Mique states that in 1780 he

¹Another paper in the archives gives the relative cost of three buildings: 'Ruine', 9358 livres; Temple de l'Amour, 41,593 livres; Belvédère, 64,990 livres, 9 sous, 8 deniers. See *Les Palais de Trianon*, Lescure, p. 107.

²The Temple de l'Amour is more than once called a 'ruine'. Another, near the 'Onze Arpents', had six Corinthian pillars.

³*Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1878. ⁴*Ibid.*, 1882. ⁵Desjardins, p. 90.

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designed the model for a small architectural 'ruine' above the grotto.¹ A note in the archives, dated 1777, speaks of the 'porte d'entrée au bout du grotte'.² If, as we believe, we had just passed out of the gardener's yard by this 'porte d'entrée', we should have been close to the earliest placed grotto.

In 1909 two old maps were procured from Paris; in one, dated 1840 (?), there is something which may indicate a small round building placed on the *rocher* behind the Belvédère. The other map was reproduced from an old one of 1705, but added to until a railway appears in it. In this map below the name 'pavillon de musique' (the Belvédère) is the name 'Le Kiosque'. It does not seem likely that a second name for the Belvédère should be given, and it may therefore refer to something else which does not appear in this map. Therefore the mere chance name which from the first moment we gave to our building was justified by there having been something called by that name exactly in that part of the garden.

In 1910 we looked out this name in the best etymological French dictionary and found that it was admitted to the French Academy in 1762 as 'pavillon ouvert de tous côtés': and defined by Thévenot (contemporary) as 'kioch ou divan qui est maintenu de huit grosses colonnes'.

¹ 5th Dec. 1780, Commencé par ordre de M. Mique le modèle de la partie de la grotte . . . du côté des montagnes . . . là dessus une petite ruine d'architecture l'avoir penté, planté, et gazonné.'

² *Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1875.

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THE MAN BY THE KIOSK

On our first visit a dark-complexioned man, marked by smallpox, was sitting close to the kiosk; he wore a large dark cloak and a slouch hat.

Though we were assured in 1908 by a very good authority, that no gentleman now living at Versailles would wear a large cloak either in winter or summer, there might be nothing surprising in what we saw if the kiosk could be found. But considering that it is gone, it is historically interesting that we discovered in 1904 that there is one man in the story of Trianon who exactly suits the description.

Most of the intimate accounts of the period say that the comte de Vaudreuil was a Creole and marked by small-pox.¹ He was at one time one of the Queen's innermost circle of friends, but acted an enemy's part in persuading her to gain the King's permission for the acting of the politically dangerous play of *Le Mariage de Figaro*. The King had long refused to allow it, saying that it would cause the Bastille to be taken. The earlier play by the same author, *Le Barbier de Séville*,² was acted at Trianon 13th September 1784, and also on 19th August 1785, just at the beginning of the diamond necklace episode, when Vaudreuil took the part of Almaziva and was dressed for it in a large dark cloak and Spanish hat.

¹ *La Reine Marie Antoinette*, De Nolhac, pp. 61, 212.

² *Le Barbier de Séville*, by Beaumarchais, was first played in 1775. A second play bringing in the same characters, *Le Mariage de Figaro*, was acted in 1781 at Vaudreuil's private theatre at Gennevilliers and at the Odéon, 1783, and for the first time in Paris, by permission, 27th April 1784.

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In 1908 we found out from Madame Éloffe's *Journal* (the Queen's modiste) that in 1789 the broad-brimmed hat had entirely displaced the three-cornered hat, and was fashionable; also that swords were no longer generally worn.¹

Vaudreuil left the Court of France among the first party of *émigrés* after the taking of the Bastille, July 1789.

THE RUNNING MAN

Though we were surprised when the second man, also dressed in a large cloak and hat, ran up to us, and with extreme earnestness directed us to go to the right rather than to the left, yet we merely thought his manner very French; and as he said, in the course of a rather long, unintelligible sentence, 'cherchez la maison,' we imagined that he understood that we were looking for the house, and followed his direction. We noticed that he stood in front of a rock and seemed to come 'either over, round, or through it'.

The following year (1902) we learned that there was a tradition that on 5th October 1789 a messenger was sent to Trianon to warn the Queen of the approach of the mob from Paris: that she wished to walk back to the Palace by the most direct route, but the messenger begged

¹'Le chapeau rond à larges bords, que l'on appelait à la jockey, remplaçait déjà le chapeau à trois cornes nommé à l'Androsmane. On avait quitté le rabat, la bourse, les manchettes et l'épée.'—De Reiset, *Modes et Usages*, vol. i., p. 479.

In June 1911 an engraving was sent to us of the slouch hat and cloak used in the Italian opera in France (*Barbiere di Seviglia*), which became for a few years in France the height of fashion.

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her to wait at the house whilst he fetched the carriage, as it was safer to drive back as usual by the broad roads of the park.

A local tradition affirming this has been embodied by Madame Julie Lavergne in a volume entitled *Légendes de Trianon*. This particular scene in the story, called 'La Dernière Rose', interested us greatly, for it seemed to come from an eye-witness, and recalled many of the points of our vision. The Queen, it is said, had been walking with and talking to Marion (the daughter of an under-gardener) before going to her favourite grotto. After remaining there some time, and on growing alarmed at her own sad thoughts, the Queen called to Marion and was surprised to see, instead of the girl, a 'garçon de la Chambre' suddenly appear, trembling in all his limbs. After reading the letter brought to her from the Minister at the Palace, the Queen desired him to order the carriage and to let Madame de Tourzel know. The messenger bowed (as our man had done) and, once out of sight, ran off at full speed. The Queen followed him to the house.¹

Enquiries through the publisher, in 1907, as to Madame Lavergne's sources of information, elicited the fact that her informant as to every detail of that scene had been Marion herself. This Marion, the *Légendes* tell us, afterwards married M. Charpentier, an under-gardener, known in 1789 by the name of 'Jean de l'Eau', on account of his bringing water daily from Ville d'Avray for the Queen's table.² He afterwards became *jardinier en chef*, being

¹ *Légendes de Trianon*, p. 75.

² Lavergne, *La Belle Jardinière*, pp. 91, 97.

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appointed in 1805 by Napoleon in succession to Antoine Richard.¹

The name 'Charpantier' appears in 1786 amongst the 'ouvriers terrassiers', who clear up sticks and leaves, plant flowers, and rake the ground.²

In 1783 'Mariamne' received wages for picking up leaves in the Trianon grounds;³ this is quite possible, as children are said to have been used for that work, and the absence of surname suggests that she was the daughter of one of the gardeners.

The marriage certificate of Alexandre Charpentier, in 1823, gives his father's name as Louis Toussaint Charpentier, and his mother's name as Marie Anne Lemaignan. The marriage certificate of these older persons (from which we should have learnt their age) is said to have been destroyed.⁴

In the wages-book the names of two 'Lemonguin' (elder and younger) appear; also 'Magny', but not, so far as has been discovered, Lemaignan.⁵ If this Marie Anne Charpentier was twenty-one years old at her son's birth (November 1796), she would have been eight years old

¹ Claude Richard was appointed *jardinier en chef* at Trianon, 1750. He was the intimate friend of Linnæus, who called him the 'cleverest gardener in Europe'. He was the son of François Richard, who followed James II from Windsor to St Germain. The son of Claude was Antoine Richard, who became *jardinier-botaniste-adjoint* at Trianon, 1765, *jardinier en chef*, 1784-1805, and died 1807. *Le Petit Trianon*, Desjardins, pp. 10-22.

² *Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1878.

³ *Ibid.*, 1877.

⁴ Letter enclosing marriage certificate (copy from the Archives Municipales, Versailles).

⁵ *Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1876, 1877: old lists of undergardeners at the Petit Trianon.

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in 1783, and fourteen in 1789. This would suit the 'Mariamne' of the archives, Madame Lavergne's story, and the girl seen by Miss Jourdain.

Two more points show the faithfulness of 'Marion's' account of that scene. Madame Lavergne (quoting her) says that 'pale rays of autumn sunshine lighted up the faded flowers'. It must, therefore, have been fairly fine; and in the wages-book it appears that on 5th October 1789 all the gardeners were at work *in the grounds*, and it is stated that on wet days they worked under cover, sometimes clearing out the passages of the house.¹ Secondly, she says that the Queen sat at the entrance of her grotto, where fallen leaves choked the course of the 'ruisseau'. From entries of payment it appears that the streams were cleared of dead leaves on 1st, 2nd and 3rd October 1789, but not on the 4th or 5th, or ever again.² It is exactly a point which Marion would have noticed.

Madame Lavergne lived at Versailles from 1838 till her marriage in 1844, at which time Marion would have been sixty-nine; and as Alexandre Charpentier was head-gardener at the Petit Trianon for over fifty years, his mother would have been easily accessible to Madame Lavergne, during her repeated visits to Trianon, even after her marriage. Her father, M. Georges Ozanneaux, was a personal friend of Louis Philippe, and was constantly about in the royal palaces.³

¹*Ibid.*, 1879. It was a wet morning in Paris, but the rain did not begin at Versailles till 4 P.M. (*Mercur de Paris*). By the evening it was heavy, and this helped to clear the mob away from the Place d'Armes during the first part of the night.

²*Ibid.*, 1879.

³*La vie de Madame Lavergne.*

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It is necessary to speak of the grotto; for Madame Campan says that the Queen 'était assise dans sa grotte . . . lorsqu'elle reçut un mot d'écrit . . . qui la suppliait de rentrer à Versailles'.¹ Madame Lavergne says 'Marion se dirigea vers le parterre des rosiers, et la Reine alla s'asseoir à l'entrée de sa grotte favorite, auprès de la petite source. Les feuilles jaunies tombées des arbres couvraient la terre et obstruaient le cours du ruisseau. . . . Le murmure de la petite cascade qui arrose l'intérieur de la grotte, retentissait seul dans le bosquet. . . . Effrayée d'être seule, elle appela Marion; mais, au lieu de la jeune fille, un garçon de la Chambre . . . parut, une lettre à la main.'² The Queen cannot, therefore, have been many steps away from the grotto, at one end or the other, when the messenger came to her.

In 1904 we asked to be shown this grotto, and we were taken to one on the farther side of the Belvédère, near the hill called l'Escargot, which was formed in 1781. We felt sure that this could not have been either of the two grottos spoken of in the archives.

In 1777 the end of one grotto is mentioned as being near the *porte d'entrée*, 'à la cloison de la porte d'entrée du jardin au bout du grotte trois pottereaux et deux traverses'.³

In 1777 there was a 'projet d'un pont et chute en rocher, avec parapet'. This was probably a bridge (the Vergelay bridge?) over the principal river where it issued from the larger lake. The river was made at this time.⁴

In June, 1780, a new 'petite rivière' was planned to

¹Quoted in *Les Palais de Trianon*, M. de Lescure, p. 148.

²*Légendes de Trianon*, Madame Julie Lavergne, p. 75.

³*Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1875.

⁴*Ibid.*

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receive the water drained from the 'ravin de la grotte', and to conduct it into the larger lake. For this purpose a new grotto was made of a 'forme ovale, ornée en glaçon', through which the 'petite rivière' was to run.¹ A 'ravin du petit pont' was also planned.²

In August, 1780, masses of rock were procured, and the 'petite rivière' was begun and also a hill was thrown up 'pour couvrir la grotte'.³

In September, 1780, 'Bourdin a passé la journée . . . à poser le deuxième pont venant du côté de la grotte.'⁴ This second bridge was probably the present Rocher bridge, being the second placed over the lakes. Neither of these two bridges would be the 'pont de bois',⁵ and 'la conduite en bois',⁶ two descriptions of, and identical with, the one alluded to in the words 'ravin du petit pont', which was said to have been erected on high ground 'au dessus du Rocher du Ravin'.⁷

In December, 1780, the work was finished: 'Conduite de l'exécution de la grotte, petite rivière, et chute d'eau retombante dans le grand lac, autres petits ravins dans la montagne près du grand lac à la fin de la petite rivière de la grotte'.⁸

In 1781 a 'montagne' was made 'en face du jardin français—en face de la comédie'.⁹

¹This was the Queen's grotto.

²*Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1875.

³*Ibid.*

⁴*Ibid.*

⁵*Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1882. (There was also a 'pont de bois à la porte verte' on the east side of the house.—*Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1881 and 1882.)

⁶*Ibid.*

⁷*Ibid.*, D'Hezecques (*Souvenirs d'un Page*, p. 242).

⁸*Ibid.*, 1877.

⁹*Ibid.*

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In March and April, 1781, a hill called 'l'Escargot' was piled up¹—beyond the Belvédère—and, presumably, a third and very small grotto was made. The creation of the 'Escargot' hill would have made the 'ravin' on the north side of the Belvédère, which is still visible, and leads to the greater lake.

There are several reasons why we think that the Queen's grotto (the second made) was on the theatre side of the Belvédère:

1. D'Hezecques's description of it in 1789 shows that, though a 'ruisseau' passed through it, persons could go freely out at both ends;² whereas when water was passing down through the upper entrance of the 'escargot' grotto, no one could have used it at the same time: there is only room for the water.

2. He speaks of the 'prairie' being visible from 'une crevasse, qui s'ouvrait à la tête du lit'; this would have been possible from a grotto on the theatre side, but not on the other, as the 'Escargot' hill would have been in the way.

3. D'Hezecques describes a staircase which 'conduisait au sommet de la roche', enabling persons to leave hurriedly. There is something like an ancient rock staircase attached to the back of the large rock, giving the name to the Rocher bridge.

4. He says that the grotto was very dark on first entering, and L'Espinasse's picture of the Belvédère in 1783 shows the opening to a cavern on its southern side close to the Rocher bridge,³ which could be truly des-

¹*Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1877.

²*Souvenirs d'un Page*, p. 243, 244.

³Desjardins, picture, p. 196.

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cribed as 'venant du côté de la grotte'. Could the rock out of which the cavernous mouth was cut have been lifted over the long bridge at some later time? for in L'Espinasse's picture there is no such rock over the Rocher bridge as there is now, and the cavern has disappeared.

5. The map of 1783 represents (according to Desjardins) 'le projet de Mique complètement exécuté'. In it the figure (5) (indicating the grotto) occurs both at the 'Escargot' and also on the theatre side of the Belvédère.

In September, 1910, Miss Jourdain was asked whether she had seen a map recently placed in the front hall of the Petit Trianon, and she said she had not. On going there she found the map, which had not been there at any of her former visits, and saw that the grottos were put, as far as she could judge, just where we had long ago, through elaborate personal research, decided must be their real position. She could only make this out by standing on the table amongst the books and photographs, the map being hung too high to be easily seen.¹

Several further points of interest have emerged in connection with the running man.

1. In April, 1908, we learned that our being directed

¹Since 1911 le Guide Joanne has called the Rocher bridge 'le pont de bois sur une ravine . . . on remonte à son extrémité le petit ruisseau qui l'alimente et on gagne un second petit lac'. The bridge we passed over was on high ground out of sight of the lake; the little cascade and the *petite rivière*, both of which passed through the Queen's grotto, have disappeared with it.

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at all in the grounds was unusual, for since September, 1870, they have been thrown open until dark. The difficulty now experienced is to find a guide.

2. He spoke of the 'maison'. In 1907 we found out that the Queen was in the habit of calling the Petit Trianon 'ma maison de Trianon', to distinguish it from the Palace and the Chateau.¹ Louis XVI had presented it to Marie Antoinette on his accession.

3. The Queen is reported by Marion to have addressed the messenger as 'Breton'.² This was not an uncommon name about the Court and old Versailles. The Court almanac for 1783 shows that then the Queen had a Page 'de l'Écurie', called 'De Bretagne'. (The Pages de la Chambre sometimes became 'de l'Écurie' before receiving a commission or some other office.³) He is not mentioned in the almanac of 1789, but (as we know from other instances) it does not follow necessarily that he had no office in the household. Madame Éloffe (the Queen's modiste) mentions a Mademoiselle Breton amongst the Queen's women, who does not appear in the almanac.⁴

If 'De Bretagne' was sixteen years old in 1783, he would have been twenty-two in 1789—just in the fresh young vigour suitable to our running man.

The name 'Breton' may have referred to his nationality only, for in November, 1907, we discovered that the accent in which the man spoke to us resembled the Breton accent, in which the consonants are strengthened and the diphthongs broadened.

¹ Desjardins, pp. 73, 103.

² *Légendes de Trianon*, p. 75.

³ *Souvenirs d'un Page*, pp. 112, 118.

⁴ *Modes et Usages*, De Reiset, vol. i., p. 445.

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In the autumn of 1909 we read the Baron de Frénilly's *Souvenirs*, in which it is stated that wigs were universally worn by gentlemen in French society up till 1787. After that date powdered hair became the general usage; the first person (M. de Valence) who ventured to appear with unpowdered hair did so, apparently, in 1788, after which it became a mark of extreme fashion.¹

The same was the case with buckled shoes. Gold, silver, stones and rosettes had been required for a gentleman's dress ornaments; but after the commercial treaty with England in 1786, steel was used for everything. Buckled shoes are expressly mentioned as being very fashionable in 1789, and there was, at that time, a rage for steel ornaments.²

BRIDGE OVER LITTLE CASCADE

Following the man's direction, we turned to the right and walked over a small rustic bridge which crossed a tiny waterfall coming from above us, on our right hand, and flowing in front of a little rocky cliff with ferns growing in the crevices. The water seemed to have formed a steep narrow little ravine, which shelved away below us to a little glimmering pool.

Neither bridge, nor cascade, nor ravine can be found, or anything suggesting them. In 1905 the person in charge at the house assured Miss Jourdain that there never had been more than one cascade, meaning the rush of water under the Rocher bridge. The Rocher bridge is certainly not the one we crossed, which was high above the level of the lakes.

¹*Souvenirs du Baron de Frénilly*, p. 80.

²*Ibid.*

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In 1907 we bought *Souvenirs d'un Page* by the comte D'Hezecques. He says: 'En face du château, une pelouse . . . se terminait par une roche ombragée de pins, de thuyas, de mélèzes, et *surmontée d'un pont rustique*, comme on en rencontre dans les montagnes de la Suisse et les précipices du Valais. Cette perspective agreste et sauvage rendait plus douce celle . . . de la troisième façade du château.'¹

He also speaks of water passing through the moss-lined grotto, which, according to our idea, must have been below us, but close by on our right hand.² Madame Lavergne writes of the 'petite cascade' and of the sound of it in the grotto.³

In April, 1908, extracts from Mique's accounts and plans for the Trianon grounds were procured from the archives, giving the history of the grottos: 'Juin 4, 1780, fait un model en terre *du ravin du petit pont*.'⁴ '1788, Pièce au dessus du *Rocher du Ravin* et . . . passage des voitures sur *le pont de bois* . . . Pièce à droite *en face du Rocher du Ravin*.'⁵ 'Au long du chemin de l'emplacement de la Ruine *sur la conduite en bois à la deuxième source du Ravin*.'⁶ The first source was probably close to the 'Ruine' (our kiosk?). The second 'source' might coincide with Desjardins' 'source', which he places a few steps from the *poulaillers*,⁶ and was probably meant to feed the 'petite rivière', which passed through the Queen's grotto, carrying off the water from the stagnant pool between the

¹ *Souvenirs d'un Page*, p. 242.

² *Ibid.*, p. 243.

³ *La Dernière Rose*, p. 75.

⁴ *Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1875.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 1882.

⁶ *Le Petit Trianon*, p. 90.

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grottos to the larger lake.¹ That would exactly agree with the position of our little cascade, small bridge, and glimmering pool.

In April, 1908, an old MS. map was found amongst such archive papers as relate to the grottos, showing a small bridge in the right position relatively to the lakes, the Rocher bridge, and the place where we believe the Queen's grotto to have been.

THE ISOLATED ROCK

In 1908 we found a mass of rocks standing in the dry bed of the small lake. On one rock covered with ivy were two full-grown pine-trees. It seems unlikely that the trees should have originally been in the small circular basin of water.

D'Hezecques says that thuya and pine-trees were planted high up over the grotto to give it the appearance of a Swiss mountain.² The grotto was destroyed about 1792, and it is possible that some of the rocks covering it were displaced and allowed to slip into the lake below, and that the present pine-trees may have been seedlings at the time, for we are told that the life of a pine-tree is from one hundred to two hundred years old.

In 1908 we noticed that at one side of this ivy-covered rock were peculiar projections; one of these was broken off short, but the other was intact. We thought they might once have formed supports for a small bridge.

Rocks are said to have been placed in 1788 at the

¹ *Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1875.

² *Souvenirs d'un Page*, p. 242.

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'montagne des Pins à gauche et en montant au Rocher'.
'Montagne des Pins à droite en montant au Rocher.'¹

In January, 1791, trees were torn up from the *montagnes*.

In February, March, April, 1792, every few days occurs the entry: 'Journée à arracher les Thuja sur les montagnes.'²

According to the old picture by L'Espinasse (1793), there was nothing over the low long bridge between the two lakes, but there was by the side of it, just where the grotto would have ended, a cavern in a rock.³ This is no longer there; but possibly the face of rock with the cavern-like opening may have been lifted over the bridge, and account for the very peculiar rock which is at present above the bridge, causing it to be called the Rocher bridge. A rough rock staircase which has no meaning is attached to this rock behind. D'Hezecques speaks of a staircase as having been within the grotto leading up to its entrance on the high ground on the *montagnes*—has it been moved to the lower end of the grotto?

There is now no isolated rock standing up as we saw it behind the running man—only mounds covered with shrubs and trees. But in the archives there is a note saying that in 1788 rocks were placed in various parts, and one is especially mentioned, 'pièce donnant au bord du lac de l'ancien côté des rochers . . . au long du chemin de l'emplacement de la Ruine sur la conduite en bois à la deuxième source du Ravin.'⁴ This would have been the path we were on in 1901.

¹Arch. Nat. O¹, 1882.

²*Ibid.*, 1879.

³Desjardins, p. 196.

⁴Arch. Nat. O¹, 1882.

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THE PELOUSE

It is easy to suppose that between the years 1901-1904 trees were cleared away from the rough ground on the north side of the house, which in 1901 had given it the look of an orchard. So much was this the case that the lady sitting under the north terrace was thought to be making a study of tree stems; for she was looking into trees, and she held a large paper in her hand, and, as we passed, held it out at arm's-length.

At present there are trees on each side of the *pelouse*, and one growing near the site of the old Jeu de Bague, but none in front of the house, and it all looks drier, brighter, and less confined than in 1901.

We have found two interesting mentions of this *pelouse*.

Before the new theatre was built in 1779 the old Comédie stood on it for three years. When the Comédie was removed it gave place to a '*pelouse parsemée d'arbres*'.¹

THE LADY

Nothing unusual marked the lady sitting on a low seat on the grass immediately under the north terrace. I remember recognising that her light-coloured skirt, white fichu, and straw hat were in the present fashion, but they struck me as rather dowdy in the general effect. She was so near us that I looked full at her, and she bent slightly forward to do the same.

I never doubted that we had both seen her, and three

¹Desjardins, pp. 107, 120; *Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1875, 1877; Terrade, *Le Théâtre de la Reine*, p. 23.

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months after was astonished to hear that Miss Jourdain had not done so. That sounds simple to others, to ourselves it is inexplicable. Miss Jourdain had seen the plough, the cottage, the woman, and the girl, which I had not; but she is generally more observant than I, and there were other things to look at. At this moment there was nothing to see on the right, and merely a shady, damp-looking meadow on the left, and the lady was sitting in front of the house we had come to see, and were both eagerly studying. The lady was visible some way off. We walked side by side straight up to her, leaving her slightly on the left hand as we passed up the steps to the terrace, from whence I saw her again from behind, and noticed that her fichu had become a pale green.

The fact that she had not been seen at a moment when we were both a little exercised by our meeting with the men—one looking so unpleasant, and the other so unaccountably and infectiously excited—made a deep impression.

In the following winter we heard the legend of the Queen having been occasionally seen sitting in front of the house in the English garden, but of this we have no further proof. Three things, however, were to us full of interest:

1. In 1902 I saw Wertmüller's picture of the Queen, which alone of all the many portraits shown me in any way brought back the face I had seen; for the face was more square and the nose shorter. A few weeks later we read that Madame Campan considered it almost the only picture of her that was really like, though other people thought that it did not do her justice.

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2. In April, 1908, we learned that there was only one time during the Queen's tenure of the Petit Trianon when she could have seen strangers in her gardens, from which, in earlier days, the Court was entirely excluded, and to which even the King only came by invitation. For four months, after May, 1789, until the Court was carried off to Paris, the public streamed in as it liked. So many came to see the place that had been too much talked about, that the King and Queen had gone that summer to Marly for a little rest and quiet. That was the time when D'Hezecques, with one of the deputies, walked round and saw the grotto and the little bridge. At the time, the Trianon officials must have learned to treat strangers with cold politeness, but probably resenting the necessity. This exactly accounts for the manner of the guards at the *porte du jardinier*; they made no difficulty, and told us that we should find the house by going that way, but they spoke in quite an unusual manner. It was mechanical and disengaged.

3. In the summer of 1908 we read the *Journal* of Madame Éloffe (the Queen's modiste). She says that during the year 1789 the Queen was extremely economical, and had very few dresses made. Madame Éloffe repaired several light, washing, short skirts, and made, in July and September, two green silk bodices, besides many large white fichus.¹ This agrees exactly with the dress seen in 1901. The skirt was not of a fresh white, but was light coloured—slightly yellowish. The white fichu in front seemed to have an edge of green or gold, just as it would have appeared if the white muslin, or gauze, was over green. The colour would have shown more clearly

¹*Livre Journal de Madame Éloffe.*

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at the back, but in front, where the white folds accumulated, the green would have been less prominent. The straight edge in front and the frill behind had often puzzled me, but in Madame Éloffe's illustrations of the fashions at that time there are instances of the same thing. There is in the book a coloured picture of the green silk bodice, with all the measurements, to enable her to fit the Queen perfectly.¹

THE JEU DE BAGUE

As we approached the terrace at the north-west corner of the house we had some barrier on our right hand entirely blocking the view, so that we could see nothing but the meadow on our left hand, and the house with its terrace in front.

At present the pathway which curves towards the house, and is very likely the old one, has a large bare space on the right hand with one beautiful old tree growing on the edge of it; and from some way off one can easily see across it to the chapel beyond the French garden. A long piece of wall extends westward from the terrace, round which one has to go into the French garden in order to find the staircase; whilst the whole length of wall, including part of the north terrace, is hidden by a large old spreading bush, completely covering the place where the lady sat.

Originally, we could not see the steps whilst on the path, but after we had passed the barrier on our right hand we found them at once without going round any wall.

¹ *Modes et Usages*, De Reiset, vol. i., pp. 365, 369, 404, 423, 479.

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The map of 1783 shows us that the *Jeu de Bague* (put up in 1776) once stood on what is now bare space.¹ It was a circular building surrounded by a wooden gallery, masked by trees. This would have completely shut out the view, and the path was probably curved on its account.

In 1907 we learned that the Queen had a passage made under the terrace from the house to the *Jeu de Bague*; and in 1908 we discovered the old walled-up doorway leading into the English garden behind the bush. The ground seems to have been a good deal raised since it was used. Four feet to the right of this door, just at the point where the top of the present staircase is reached, is a change of masonry, the rest of the wall being plastered over.

In 1910 we found that this extension of the wall was composed of rubble. Perhaps it had been added to the stone terrace in the time of Louis Philippe. If the present staircase is old, we could have reached it easily from the English garden in the absence of the wall, but if it is not old—and it is not indicated in Mique's map—there may have been something quite different—even steps turned northward towards the English garden.

In 1910 we also learned that the bush had been planted when the duchesse d'Orléans occupied the house.²

¹By Contant de la Motte.

²The bush which is shown in photographs was cleared away in 1921.

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THE CHAPEL MAN

Whilst we were standing at the south-west end of the terrace above the French garden, the door of a building at right angles to the house suddenly opened, and a young man came out and slammed the door behind him. He came to us very quickly along a level. His manner was jaunty and imperious, and he told us that the only way to the house was by the *cour d'honneur*. It was difficult to hear what he said. We thought at once that we were trespassing and looked for some way down from the terrace, upon which he constituted himself our guide, and with an inquisitive, amused expression went with us a little way down the French garden, and showed us out into the avenue by a broad road.

There is much to say about this incident.

1. The man evidently did not mean us to stand on the terrace so near to the house, and forced us to move away. He was the second person that afternoon who had excitedly insisted on our going one way rather than another; but now we know that since 1870 the gardens and terraces have been made public until dark, and people walk about freely. No one has ever stopped us since, nor can we hear of anyone else who has been guided as we were.

2. In 1905 we found that the building out of which the man came was the old chapel, which is in a ruinous condition.

In 1906 Miss Jourdain had leave to go into the chapel, which she had to enter from the avenue, there being no entrance from the garden. When inside she saw that the

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door out of which he had come was one leading into the royal gallery. The gallery now stands isolated high up on the north wall of the chapel. Formerly, from inside, it was reached by a door on a landing at the top of a staircase. This staircase is completely broken down, and the floor of the landing is gone, so that there is now no access to the gallery or to the second door opening on to the terrace. Both doors are bolted, barred, and cobwebbed over from age and disuse. The guide said that the doors had not been opened in the memory of any man there, not since they were used by the Court.

In April, 1907, Miss Jourdain went again to the chapel, this time with two companions. Their guide then told them that the doors had not been opened, to his knowledge, for fifteen years, and the great door not since it was used by the Court of Louis XVI. 'Moi, je suis ici depuis quinze ans, et je sais que les portes ont été condamnées bien avant cela.' He added that, having the sole charge of the keys, no one could have opened the doors without his knowledge, and smiled at the idea as he looked at the blocked-up old doors.

In August, 1907, two other friends went to the chapel and entirely confirmed all that had been said about its ruined condition and the impossibility of the great door having been opened in 1901. Their guide told them that the big door had been Marie Antoinette's private entrance. The gallery was still standing, and had two chairs of gilt and old red velvet on it; but when they asked whether it was possible to enter it, the guide laughed and pointed to the staircase. There was no other entrance, he said, and the stairs had been in that condition for the last

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ten years. They thought from the look of the stairs that they had probably been so for much longer.

In September, 1910, a fifth friend went to the chapel and bore witness to the impossibility of the doors having been used in 1901, and was told that the staircase had finally broken down fifteen years before.

3. From Desjardins' book we learned that the Queen's concierge had been Bonnefoy du Plan. He had rooms between the chapel and the *cour d'honneur*, and kept his stores in a loft over the chapel, reached by the now broken-down old staircase. The window of this attic looks over the terraces, and from it he would have seen anyone approaching the house from that side. The name of the *suisse* (the porter) in charge of the *porte du perron de la chapelle* in 1789 was Lagrange. His rooms were immediately behind the chapel, looking into the avenue.¹ He could easily have been sent through the chapel to interview strangers on the terrace.

4. We did not lose sight of the man when he came to us. As it is now he must have gone quite out of sight, down one flight of steps outside the chapel door, and (after passing under a high wall) have reached the terrace (where we were standing) by a second set of steps. The present wall of the chapel courtyard is so high as to hide half the door, and a large chestnut-tree in the courtyard hides it from the part of the terrace on which we were—even in winter.

In April, 1907, we discovered that a continuous groundfloor passage from the kitchens once passed the chapel to the house. This set us wondering as to whether

¹Desjardins, *Le Petit Trianon*, pp. 188, 189.

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there had ever been a pathway above it. The same year we were told that the chapel courtyard round which the passage had gone had been enlarged.

In August, 1907, two friends sent us a photograph showing a mark on the outside of the courtyard wall brought out by the damp, showing that the wall had been formerly lower.

In March, 1908, another mark on the chapel was discovered, revealing that there had once been an inner wall to the courtyard, which might have been removed when the courtyard was enlarged. We also found out that the levels were so different that the passage would have been partly underground on the side of the French garden, but not so in the *rez de chaussée* in the courtyard and where it flanked the *cour d'honneur*. We noticed from the photographs that the bastion at the south-west corner of the house in the *cour d'honneur* looked older than the top part of the wall adjoining it above the chapel courtyard.

In September, 1910, permission was given to enter this courtyard: when within, it was definitely explained that above the kitchen passage there had been a covered way, by which the Queen could enter the chapel from the house in wet weather. The top of this covered way had been *de plain pied*, joining the bit of terrace outside the chapel door to the terrace by the house. This would have been the level way along which our man came to us.

The marks of the passage and covered way (forming the intervening piece of terrace) were perfectly clear both on the inside of the present wall and on the ground in the courtyard. The present balustrade adjoining the bastion was probably placed when the old covered way was des-

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troyed and the outside wall was raised. It was also noticed that the round windows in the bastion lighted the lower kitchen passage, but that those facing the French garden, being on a higher level, lighted the covered way.

The guide stated that the tree in the centre of the chapel courtyard had certainly been planted after the days of the monarchy.

4. The road from the garden to the avenue (through which the man ushered us) was not far from the chapel, and was broad enough to admit a coach. The present one is narrower and farther to the west.

In 1907 we read a note by M. de Nolhac in *Les Consignes de Marie Antoinette* in which he said that the old *porte de la ménagerie*, which must have led from the avenue to the French garden, is now lost, but that it must have been 'tout auprès des bâtiments de la Conciergerie et des cuisines'.¹ We thought that perhaps it was the one we went by, and on looking at Mique's map of 1783² found a broad road dividing the kitchen court into two parts. At present solid continuous buildings on the two sides of the kitchen court show no sign of an entrance, though in two places the roofs have a difference of level.

In April, 1909, a Frenchman, who sold prints and seemed to be a specialist in maps, said that Mique's map was the only authoritative one.

In September, 1910, we learned from the first authority that Mique's map was 'exact': that the road found in it had certainly existed, and its position relatively to the pond in the French garden was explained. A search for

¹Page 7.

²Copied by Contant de la Motte.

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some sign of it was at once made, and successfully. On the garden side, not at all far from the chapel, the jamb of an old opening still projects from the building, covered with ivy; and the stones on the ground are laid, for a space of about twelve paces, the other way from the stones on either side, evidently to make a carriage road. A large rectangular stone was lying on the ground, which might have been either a step or part of the second jamb. On the avenue side marks of an opening of some sort can be traced through the plaster with which Louis Philippe finished the buildings after restoring and also altering them. The opening would have included two present windows not far from the *porte de la bouche*, as the signs of it are visible on both sides of the opening, and the space between is from ten to twelve paces.

Within the kitchen court the buildings have been so altered and plastered over that no traces of change could be found.

All these points correspond with our recollection of the roadway through which we had passed in 1901.

THE TWO LABOURERS WITH A CART

On her second visit, 2nd January 1902, Miss Jourdain saw, in the field near the Hameau, two labourers, in brown tunics and bright coloured short capes, loading a cart with sticks. The capes hardly came below their shoulders and had hoods: one was bright blue and the other red.

In May, 1904, a search was made in the archives, with the result that it was clear that carts and horses for the purpose of tidying the grounds were hired by the day in

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old times, and not kept in the farm for constant use. In January, 1789, two men, instead of the usual one ('plus un homme'), were hired 'pour ramasser les loques des chenilles et les brûler'.¹

In 1906 we discovered that the tunic and short cape were worn by the bourgeoisie in the fourteenth century.²

In April, 1908, we had proof that artisans were wearing them in the eighteenth century,³ and that some of the working men at Trianon in 1776 had *hardes de couleur*.⁴

The entry in the wages-book showed that, up to 1783, from time to time 'une voiture à un cheval, et un conducteur', were hired for picking up branches and sticks in the parks; but on 4th October 1789 a cart with two horses (almost certainly requiring two men) was hired for three days for the purpose.⁵

In August, 1908, a former gardener, who had been at Trianon long enough to remember both the Charpenriers, father and son, laughed at the idea of such a dress being worn now at Trianon, as it belonged to the *ancien régime*. He assured us that carts of the present day in France had scarcely altered at all in type, and that the two now in use at Trianon (which we found in a shed at the *ferme*) were of the old pattern.

¹ *Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1879. Caterpillars' nests were hacked out of the bark of trees, and these bits of wood were collected from the ground and carried away in a cart for burning.

² See illustrations of the period.

³ *Les Foires des Rues de Paris*, Musée Carnavalet.

⁴ *Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1877.

⁵ *Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1879.

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THE WOOD

Miss Jourdain then went from the Hameau towards the small Orangerie. Whilst on the ascending path she saw, on looking back, a man passing in front of, or in, a distant plantation on his way to the Hameau. He was dressed in a cloak and hat of the pattern that we had seen the previous summer.

She then descended to the low ground in front of the Belvédère and crossed one of the bridges over the principal river (not the Rocher bridge, but possibly the Vergelay bridge). After going forward a little she turned, meaning to go back to the Hameau, and recrossed either the same bridge or the next one, which is very near the Vergelay. She immediately found herself in a wood of very tall trees, with such high thick undergrowth that (even though it was winter) she could not see through it. Well-kept paths opened at intervals right and left at different angles, and they gave the impression of being so arranged as to lead round and round. She had the feeling of being in the midst of crowds passing and repassing her and heard voices and sounds of dresses. On looking back she found the view as completely blocked as it was in front and to the sides. After vainly pursuing the confusing paths for some time she found herself close to the hill leading to the Orangerie.

In 1904 and in 1908 we tried to find this wood, without result. There are open plantations, but they have no undergrowths concealing paths from one another, even in summer. Several people have gone independently to look for the wood, but have not found it.

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In 1905 Miss Jourdain was told by the chief authority that in this direction trees had been thinned and not replaced.

The entries in the archives indicate that there must have been woods near by in which paths were cut for the Queen; it is also likely that the older woods, such as *Les Onze Arpents*, are not referred to; for when these plantations were made thousands of lower shrubs were bought to be placed under the trees, and these were paid for by the King.¹ In the gardener's wages-book the gathering up and occasional burnings of undergrowths in a wood (apparently in this part of the garden) are alluded to.²

In Mique's map (1783) the wood with its diverging paths, can be plainly seen.³ It is approached by the two bridges over the river, and stretches towards the hill on which the Orangerie stands.

THE MUSIC

Whilst in the wood Miss Jourdain heard sounds of a stringed band drifting past her from the direction of the house. The sounds were very soft and intermittent. She could afterwards write down from memory about twelve bars, in the key of A flat, but without all the inner harmonies.

She ascertained immediately afterwards that no band had been playing out-of-doors that afternoon at Versailles. It was a cold, wet winter's afternoon.

¹ *Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1876.

² *Ibid.*, 1877.

³ Copied by Contant de la Motte.

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In March, 1907, the twelve bars were shown to a musical expert, who said (without having heard the story) that the bars could hardly all belong to one another, but that the idiom dated from about 1780. He found a grammatical mistake in one bar. After hearing the story, he suggested the name of Sacchini as the possible author.

In March, 1908, Miss Jourdain and a friend were told in Versailles that no bands had been allowed to play in the park in winter until 1907. They also ascertained that no music played at Versailles, or in the park, could have been heard at Trianon.

In the same month they searched through a great deal of unpublished music in the Conservatoire de Musique at Paris, and discovered that the twelve bars represented the chief motives of the light opera of the eighteenth century, excluding Rameau and his school, and that, as far as they could discover, nothing like them occurred in the opera of 1815 onward. Such passages were found in Sacchini, Philidor, Monsigny, Grétry and Pergolesi. Grammatical mistakes were found in Monsigny and Grétry:

Sacchini.

‘Dardanus.’ General likeness.

‘Œdipe à Colone.’ Number 6. Two bars intact in the key of A natural answering to that heard in 1902, allowing for the rise of a semitone, which had taken place since the eighteenth century. (This was proved by later editions of operatic music, in which the songs were dropped a semitone to retain the original key.)

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Philidor, in a collection of single airs (Rigaudons, 1767)
—the cadence.

'Le Maréchal Ferrand': repetition of single notes, the first bar of the melody, and many other hints of likeness.

Duni. 1765. The same general characteristics, but no exact resemblance.

Monsigny.

'Le Roi et le Fermier.' Written for performance at the opening of the new theatre at the Petit Trianon, 1st August 1780, when the Queen first acted herself. Up to 1908 it had not been republished. In it the figure of the first of the twelve bars was found.

'Le Déserteur.' No published edition was found after 1830. In one published before that date the last three bars of the music were found, and the melody of the first bars was assigned to the second violins, and very freely, in inversions and variations, in other places. The character of the accompaniment was similar to that heard.

Grétry.

The same phrases were used and the ascending passage was found.

Pergolesi.

'Largo and Andante in D.' Similar phrases were used.

THE TALL GARDENER

Miss Jourdain then went along the upper path, and when between the Escargot hill and the Belvédère she met a very tall gardener of apparently great strength, with

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long muscular arms. She thought that with his long hair and grizzled, untidy beard and general appearance, he had the look of an Englishman rather than a Frenchman.

He was dressed in a rough knitted jersey, and a small dark blue round cap was set at the back of his head. She enquired where she should find the Queen's grotto, and he walked a little way beside her to show her the way.

She expected to have to turn back to the Escargot grotto, and when she remarked that they were going past the Belvédère, he replied firmly that they *must* go past the Belvédère, and said that it was necessary to have been born and bred in the place to know the way so that 'personne ne pourrait vous tromper'.

It appears that from 1870 onwards the gardeners at Trianon have been selected from the technical schools, and that it is now a matter of competition, no one being appointed simply because he was born and bred there. We do not know whether this is the case with the under-gardeners; nor whether the tall gardener was a chief official or not.

In August, 1908, we were told by a former gardener that their dress is now the same as the traditional dress of the *ancien régime*—viz. a rough knitted jersey, with a small *casquette* on the head.

In the old weekly wages-book there appears, for several years, the name 'l'Anglais'—probably a nickname.¹ He must not be confused with John Egleton, who remained at Trianon only a few months, and whose wages were settled on his departure by a bill which is still in existence, but is not in the wages-book.²

¹ *Arch. Nat.* O¹, 1877.

² *Ibid.*, 1880.

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We owe our researches as to the position of the Queen's grotto almost entirely to the tall gardener's decided directions and guidance to the part of the English garden between the Belvédère and the *montagnes* close to the theatre.

We found, some years later, that this position had been accepted as correct.

Many persons have stated in writing that they had heard and read the complete narratives of our first visit to the Petit Trianon before any historical investigations into the past conditions of the place had been made.

C. A. E. M.

E. F. J.

CHAPTER III

APPENDIX

I

IN SEPTEMBER, 1908, I went over again to the Petit Trianon to get some photographs. When in the English garden I found the *porte d'entrée* open, and with the gardener's permission took photographs of the inside of the wall, in which were both the *porte d'entrée* and the *petite porte*. The latter had evidently been long disused, as the door showed signs of having been long blocked up, but it was being further masked by a wall of planking which would soon entirely conceal it. There was a long, newly built shed in which planking was being prepared. I wrote to Miss Moberly on the subject, upon which she answered from England and asked me to go over once more, if possible, to take some photographs of the rock staircase and the other places we were interested in, lest they too should disappear before we had another chance.

I went at once the next day, September 12th, the only day I had left, and took all the photographs I could. It was a sunshiny windy day and there were plenty of people about, several of whom stopped me to ask the way. The last photograph I took was that of the gardener's enclosure, and I turned to go away, relieved to find that there was just time to catch the tram and the train back to Paris. As the quickest way out of the grounds I went towards the old *logement du corps de gardes*, and as I turned the corner of the old wall I saw

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two women sitting in the shade, not far from the old gateway, which, in 1901, had been open and had shown a well-kept curved drive within. They were disputing in loud voices. As I passed the *logement*, suddenly and utterly unexpectedly I knew that some indefinable change had taken place. I felt as though I were being taken up into another condition of things quite as real as the former. The women's voices, though their quarrel was just as shrill and eager as before, seemed to be fading so quickly away that they would soon be altogether gone; from their tones the dispute was clearly still going on, but seemed to have less and less power to reach me.

I turned at once to look back and saw the gates near which they were sitting melting away, and the background of trees again becoming visible through them, as on our original visit, but I noticed that the side pillars were standing steady.¹ The whole scene—sky, trees, and buildings—gave a little shiver, like the movement of a curtain or of scenery as at a theatre. At the same time the old difficulty of walking on and of making any way reproduced itself, together with the feeling of depression described in 1901 and 1902. But I instantly decided to keep to my plan of going straight out by the lane, and, once outside the lane, things became natural again. But the sudden startling sense of insecurity left a deep impression, so little did I expect any repetition of the old phenomena after the innumerable uneventful visits I had paid to the Trianon since the winter of 1902.

E. F. JOURDAIN.

¹These pillars were old and probably had not been renewed since their original erection.

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II

It was in 1908 (seven years after our first visit to Versailles) that we obtained an ancient map of the grounds of the Petit Trianon by Contant de la Motte in 1783. In it we found the Queen's grotto, the old road through what is now the kitchen buildings, the ancient wood beyond the stream, as well as the old cottage where the woman and girl had been seen, but there was no sign of the little ravine. All these things had been destroyed by Louis Philippe, and were absent therefore from modern maps of the place. In the winter of 1912 we wrote for permission to publish it, and were told in reply that Mique's original manuscript map had been found. A photographed copy of the manuscript map was sent to us, and our French correspondent asked us to notice the slight discrepancies between it and Contant de la Motte's reproduction of it. To our great interest we found in it the indication of the position of the little ravine exactly where we had seen it in 1901.

The following summer (1913) we went to one of the libraries at Versailles and asked to see the actual map and to hear its history. Here we were told that in 1903 it had been rescued from a house in Montmorency, where it had formed part of the stuffing of a chimney. The chimney had been cleared and the crumpled plan, charred by fire and smoke, had been sent to the library, in case it might prove to be valuable. It was considered to be of great value, for Louis XVI had made notes on it in his own handwriting.

Now the year 1903 was two years after we had seen

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and crossed over the ravine by the little bridge and had described it to many people both by word and writing. Also, it was five years before we had discovered from the gardener's wages-book (the old fastenings of which had been broken at the national archives in Paris) that there must have been such a ravine in that part of the grounds.

This removed the whole incident of our having passed over it from the possibility of telepathy between living persons, for in 1901 no living person could have seen the manuscript plan; it was in no library and was inaccessible.

C. A. E. M.

E. F. J.

III

On the afternoon of 14th August in the same summer of 1913 we had the pleasure of walking through the grounds of the Petit Trianon with two French gentlemen, the one a distinguished University man, and the other in command of a French regiment and also an examiner for the French army and navy. The colonel said that he had no preconceived opinion about our story, thinking it unreasonable to judge of it on *a priori* grounds; but he had hoped to be able some day to have the opportunity of asking us questions and to make up his mind in the place.

We followed the route taken by us in 1901, as far as the modern changes allowed, and we pointed out the differences made in the gardens that had taken place between our first and second visits. Standing at the exact spot where we had spoken to the guards, the colonel

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questioned us closely about the shape, colour, and every detail of their uniforms. He said that greyish-green would have been an unusual colour in the French army in 1789, but that if the men we saw were stationed in a place like Trianon as *gardes des portes*, or *gardes des bosquets*, or *gardes forestiers*, they would have worn that colour, and that our detailed description of the uniforms was perfectly correct. We told him that we had since discovered that the comte d'Artois had been, in 1789, *colonel général des gardes Suisses*, and that his livery was green, but we did not know whether that was to the point. The answer was yes, certainly, the *gardes des portes* formed part of the *gardes Suisses*, and everyone under the command of the comte d'Artois would have worn his livery and not the King's. The colonel added that we could not possibly have known a point like this unless we had actually seen the men, for none of the details we mentioned were matters of general information, and for us would have required extensive research. This, he said, he could vouch for, because, having written a book about former French uniforms, he was an authority on the subject and knew how difficult—if not impossible—it would have been for us to have obtained the information.

After pointing out the positions of the ravine and pretty little bridge, the tiny cascade, and the kiosk, and noticing the difference of levels and of the general appearance between the present condition and what we had previously seen, the two gentlemen went over the ground and satisfied themselves that the present paths had been dug out of what might have been the side of a hill. They looked at the iron grids in the pathway, which suggested

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that water had once come from higher ground. They agreed that if the 'kiosk' had once stood where we had seen it, and was identical with the 'ruine', it might have formed the *naissance de la rivière*. They also inspected the base of a column now hidden in a bush, probably in its wrong place, and thus reconstructed, as far as possible, the ancient aspect of that part of the English garden.

We then went to the terrace still remaining round the north and west sides of the house and showed our companions where we had seen the ancient terrace which joined the chapel to the house, passing along one side of the chapel courtyard. The colonel was surprised and inclined to doubt it, for he said the present effect was 'bien symétrique', and that was what Frenchmen prized. But after making his own investigations he owned that he could see that the wall of the chapel courtyard had been altered, and that there might have been a terrace at the level of the chapel steps. He enquired about the dress of 'the man from the chapel', suggesting that it might have been that of an abbé, but he assented to our objection that an abbé would not have appeared without his cassock. He also agreed that, even if we had imaginatively clothed real people with eighteenth-century dresses (this had been suggested to us), no imagination on our part could have succeeded in altering the scenery to what it had been a hundred years before.

It was wonderfully interesting. We were in some ways the hosts, for the invitation to the expedition had been ours, and we were describing from memory the exact position of points in some ancient scenery of more than a hundred years before; but our guests were the

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Frenchmen, whose national possession it was, and whose personal interest in its associations was, we soon found out, greater than ours. Then we were not being asked for *impossible explanations*, but questions were being put to us, leading to instant examination into the facts by people who were authorities about the details of the history and accustomed to deal with the configuration of the ground and local maps. When we had stated at each place exactly what we had seen, they supplied us in return with the explanation. For instance, when we pointed out the house which had contained the carved staircase, they told us the reasons why such a house would almost certainly have had one when it was first built, and why it had now been taken away; and this they inferred from the type of building before them.

At the end of the expedition, the colonel said that at first such a story as ours had seemed incredible to him, but that now he had had the opportunity of acting as the *avocat du diable* and of putting forward every objection that had occurred to him; and having heard our answers to his questions asked on the spot, he was not only satisfied with our good faith, but was ready to accept the story as it stood.

After reading this account of our walk, one of the French gentlemen countersigned it, adding the words, 'I can testify to the accuracy of every detail in the said account.'

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IV

14th May 1914.—Mr and Mrs C. and their artist son have been to see us to-day, and told us how their experiences at Versailles corroborated ours, of which they did not hear until ours were published in 1911.

They lived in a flat in the Rue Maurepas at Versailles for two years—1907-1908—their rooms looking on the park by the *bassin de Neptune*. Though on certain days they saw Cook's tourists arrive in crowds at the Place d'Armes, they never saw one in the grounds, which were empty and deserted, except very occasionally when they concluded it must be a fête day.

Excepting for a very occasional breeze on the great terrace, no wind ever seemed to blow inside the park. Though other people declared that there was just as much wind inside as outside, they themselves grew so oppressed with the airlessness of the place that they used to take walks along the Marly Road in order to feel the fresh air. Inside the grounds, the light and trees and walks were so constantly in an unnatural condition that at last the whole thing got on their nerves and they went away—thinking that they preferred to live in their own century and not in any other.

It was only in 1908 that they actually saw people they could not account for.

They asked if we had seen a cottage outside the Trianons, and Miss Moberly at once described one between the canal and the avenue which, in 1901, she had walked past but never saw again; she had taken for granted that it had been cleared away. (This was not

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the cottage where, later, Miss Jourdain had seen the woman and girl.) Mr C. pointed to the exact spot on the map and they compared notes. Miss Moberly had seen it without a roof, with three bare walls and a raised floor, and she now considered that the whole series of experiences had begun from the time when she stepped up on to the floor. Mr C. had seen it whole, six or seven years *later*, with people in old-fashioned clothes looking out of the window; but he could not always see it; it appeared and disappeared and reappeared in an extraordinary way.

They had been interested in *An Adventure* because, in 1908, they had—all three persons together—twice seen the lady corresponding to the description of the lady spoken of by us. Both times it had been in July and at the Grand Trianon. The first time she was sitting in the garden, close to the glass colonnade, on a low stool on a green bank where there is no green bank, but only gravel and flower-beds. The second time she was sitting below the balustrade, over which one can look from the Grand Trianon to the canal below. On both occasions she was dressed in a light cream-coloured skirt, white fichu, and a white untrimmed flapping hat. The skirt was full and much gathered, and the lady spread it round her. Both times she appeared to be sketching, holding out a paper at some distance, as though judging of it. Being an artist himself, and supposing that she was sketching, Mr C. had looked with curiosity at her paper and, though the lady did not seem to notice him, she at once quietly turned her paper aside from his observation with a rapid movement of her wrist. They never doubted that she was ghostly,

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on account of the peculiar way in which she appeared and disappeared, seeming to grow out of, and to retire in', the scenery with a little quiver of adjustment. This last point, we assured them, we had specially noticed when 'the running man' first settled his feet on the ground, and when we first saw the terrace round the chapel courtyard along which 'the man from the chapel' approached us. They told us that her hair was fair; and that on one occasion the lady sat down, settled her dress, moved, and sat down again, giving them the impression that she resented their intrusion. As artists they had carefully noticed the lady and had observed that though she seemed quite real, all the contours of her figure and her general bearing were not what we are accustomed to now. Not only her dress, but she herself, belonged to another century. The second time they saw her some of the party wished to stay longer, but Mr C. was overcome with such terrible fatigue that they all went home. On first seeing the lady Mrs C. had remarked that she did not look like a Frenchwoman.

They had seen, as well as we, grass growing quite up to the terrace above the English garden, where is now a gravel sweep and a large bush planted during the Orleans residence at the Petit Trianon¹; also, they agreed that sometimes there were more trees in that part of the garden than at other times. We asked if they had seen a short flight of steps behind the Jeu de Bague leading from the English garden up to the terrace. The answer was, Yes, and that it was not unlike in position to the present staircase in the French garden. This was particularly inter-

¹Removed in 1921.

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esting to us because we had been so greatly puzzled by never finding the steps again up which we had passed to the terrace direct from the English garden.¹

On one occasion, Mrs C. had met a man in eighteenth-century costume with the small three-cornered hat, different from what is worn now, but such as we described. Mr and Mrs C. had seen a woman in the grounds in an old-fashioned dress picking up sticks. They had noticed the flattened appearance of the trees. One day, when he was alone, Mr C. had heard music coming over the water from the Belvédère (where certainly none was going on). It was a stringed band playing old music, and he enjoyed listening to it; this he did for nearly a quarter of an hour, but he did not identify it or write any of it down. At the time, he was standing on low ground near the stream in the English garden.

They mentioned a curious hissing sound that sometimes came when things were about to appear, possibly suggesting some electrical condition, and they also spoke of the vibration in the air which accompanied vision.²

After leaving Versailles as a home in 1909, they occasionally went back to it, and had noticed with surprise that at those times (which were quite normal) the Petit

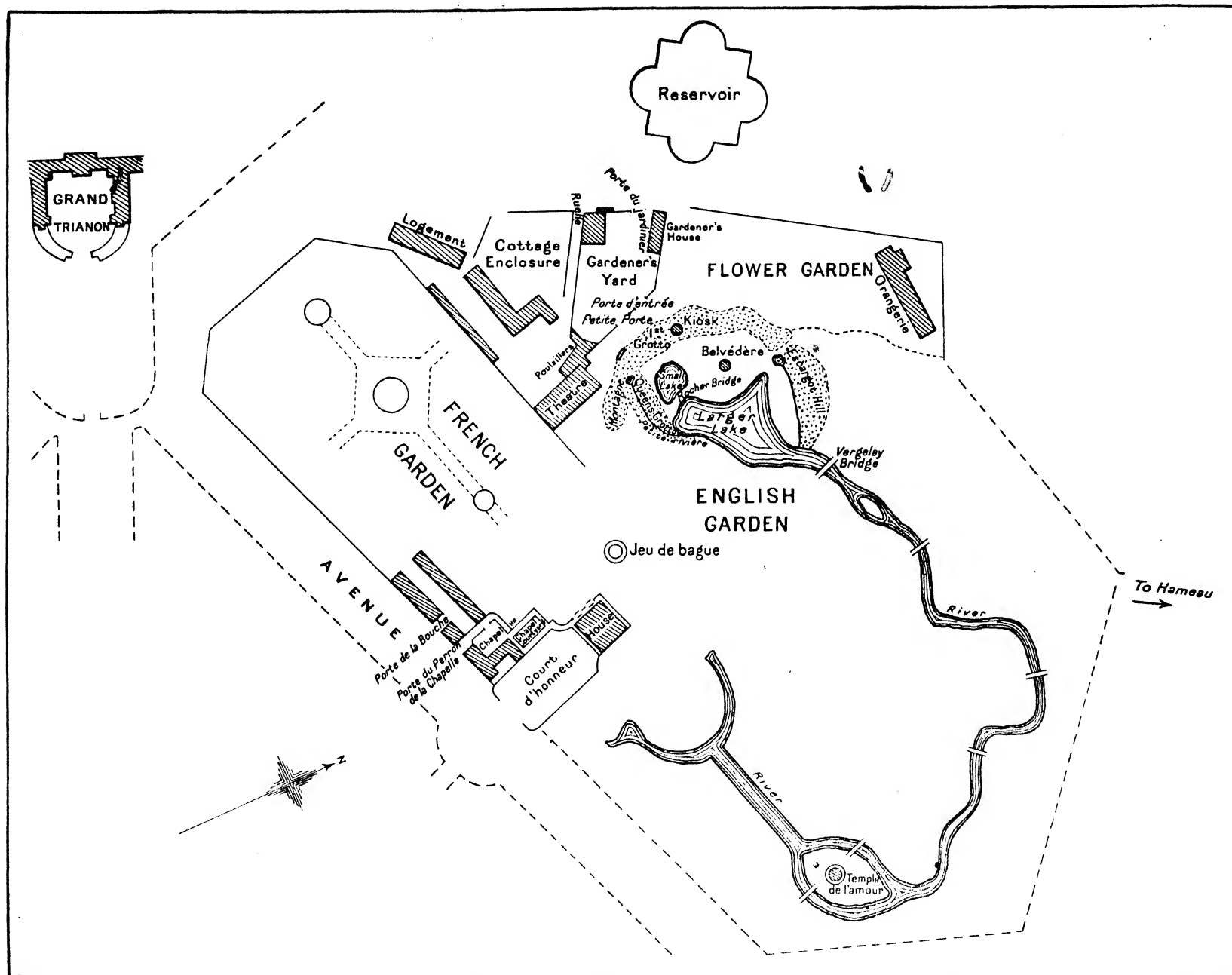
¹There is now only a long wall, erected by Louis Philippe, round which it is necessary to go to find the staircase to the terrace from the French garden.

²On hearing this in 1914, we immediately looked in the Almanack for 1902, and found that August 10 1901 had been remarkable for an electric storm all over Europe. Not necessarily thunder storms. We heard no thunder.

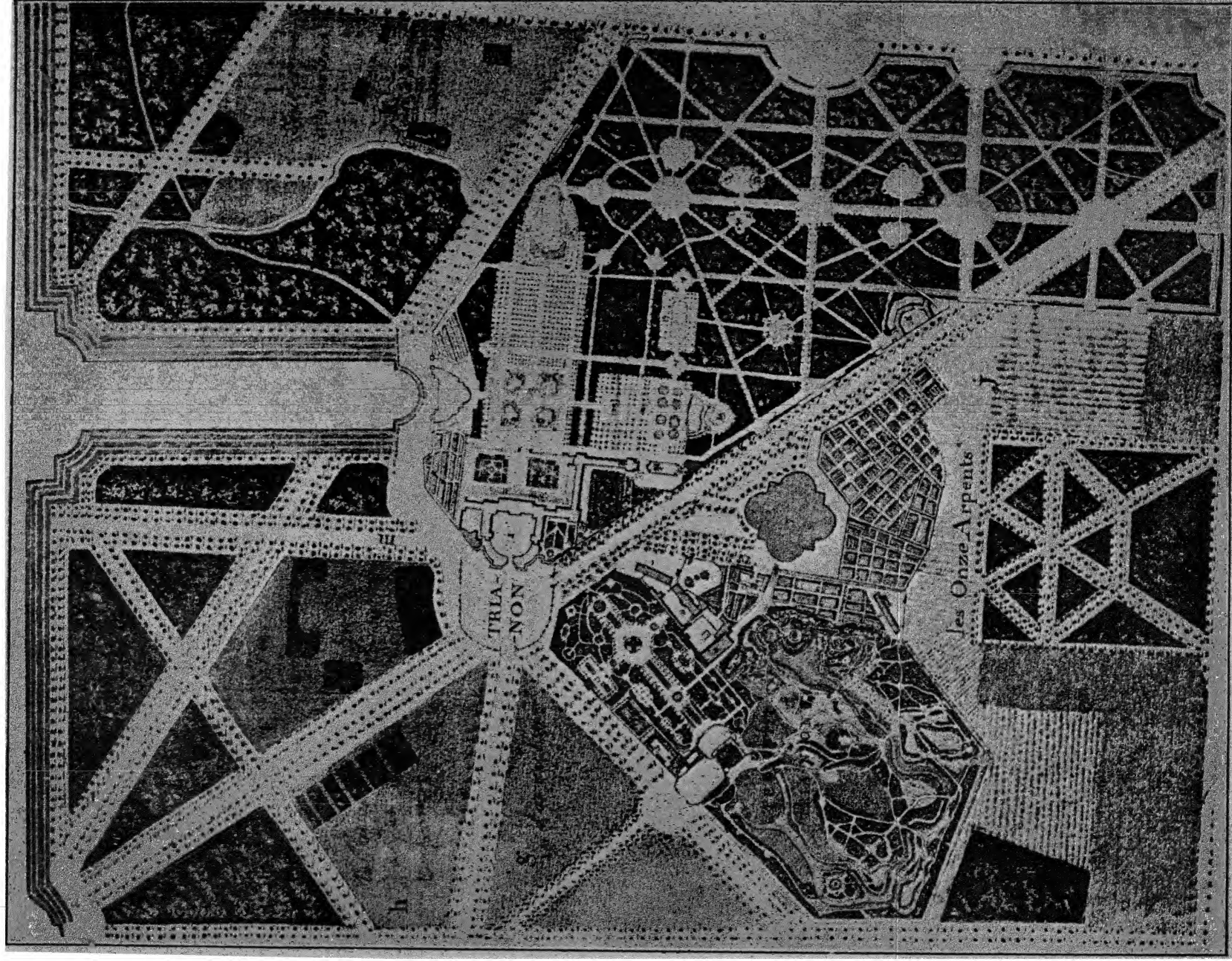
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Trianon had seemed smaller and more open than before; but that the Grand Trianon seemed much larger than when seen in eighteenth-century aspects.

This account was signed by all the five persons concerned. It is in the possession of the S.I'.R. in New York.



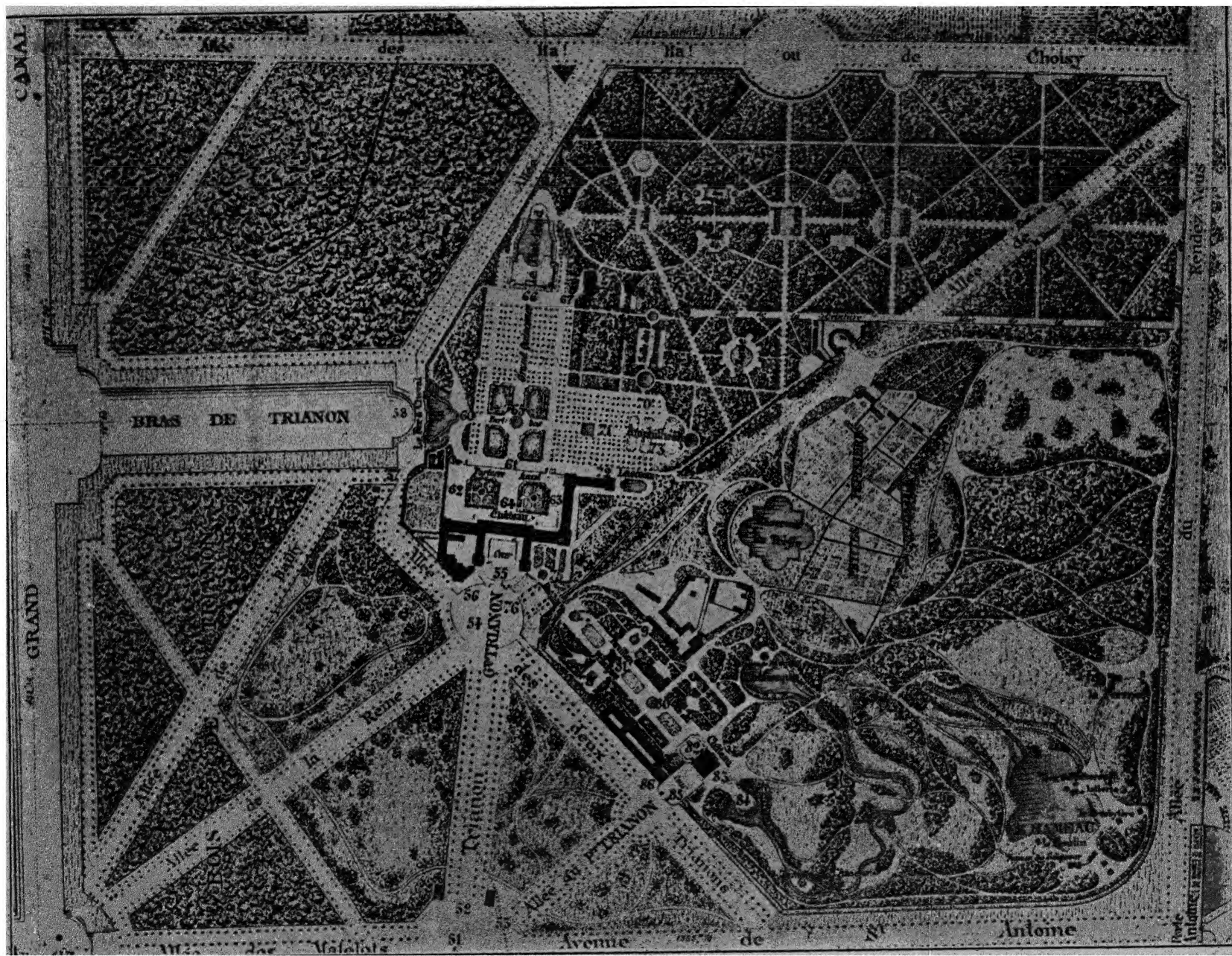
SKETCH MAP ILLUSTRATING THE ROUTE TAKEN BY MISS MOBERLY
AND MISS JOURDAIN ON THE 10TH AUGUST 1901



MIQUE'S MAP OF THE GARDENS OF THE TRIANON



ENLARGED SECTION OF MIQUE'S MAP



VERSAILLES AND THE TRIANONS IN 1898
From a plan made by Marcel Lambert

